



NEW TOMMY TOMORROW



FEB.

No. 129

Ten Cents

ACTION COMICS

ADDITIONAL MAGAZINE

TIME: THE PRESENT!
PLACE: METROPOLIS!

and yet
SUPERMAN
BATTLES A
STONE-AGE ROMEO
for
"Lois Lane,
CAVEGIRL!"



SUPERMAN

WHEN A BOY WOOS A GIRL, HE BUYS HER
FLOWERS AND TREATS HER WITH RESPECT. BUT
IN THE STONE AGE, WHEN MEN LIVED IN
CAVES, CHIVALRY AND POLITENESS WERE
APPARENTLY UNKNOWN.
HOW WOULD A MODERN GIRL REACT TO
THE WOING OF A PRIMITIVE CAVE MAN?
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE ROUGH AND
READY ROMANCE OF THE PAST IS TRIED IN
TODAY'S METROPOLIS, YOU CAN LEARN FROM...

"LOIS LANE, CAVEGIRL!"



AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE AS EDITOR PERRY WHITE PICKS UP A FLASH ON THE TELETYPE...

AN ICEBERG'S DRIFTING FROM THE POLAR ICE-CAP DOWN INTO THE PATH OF THE LUXURY LINER "SENTHOLM," AND THE COAST GUARD CAN'T FIND THE ICEBERG IN THE FOG.

UH-UH!

PERRY WHITE
EDITOR

THIS LOOKS
LIKE A JOB FOR-
SUPERMAN!

PRESENTLY, OVER A FOG-
SHROUDED STRETCH OF THE
NORTH ATLANTIC, THE MAN
OF STEEL'S X-RAY VISION
REVEALS...

THERE'S THE
SENTHOLM AND-
GREAT SCOTT!
THE ICEBERG IS
ABOUT TO
STRIKE IT!

THAT'LL HOLD IT BACK! BUT IF
I'D ARRIVED ONE SECOND
LATER, THERE'D HAVE
BEEN A TERRIBLE
DISASTER!

SENTHOLM

SENTHOLM

AND NOW
TO SMASH THIS
FLOATING MENACE
INTO A FLOCK OF
ICE CUBES!

AS SUPERMAN DRAWS BACK HIS FIST FOR ANOTHER MIGHTY SMASH...

WHY-WHY- IT'S A MAN EMBEDDED IN THE ICE, AND HE LOOKS LIKE A CAVE MAN!



THIS'LL BE SOMETHING TO TAKE BACK TO THE SCIENTISTS AT METROPOLIS UNIVERSITY. WHY- THIS FELLOW MUST'VE BEEN PRESERVED IN THIS ICE MASS FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS! I'LL CUT HIM OUT OF THE ICE WITH MY HANDS!



LATER, AT THE DAILY PLANET...

GET THIS, WHEN SUPERMAN BROKE UP THAT GLACIER MENACING THE SHIP LANES, HE DISCOVERED A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF CAVE MAN EMBEDDED IN THE ICE!

A REAL CAVE MAN?



YES. THEY'RE JUST THAWING HIM OUT AT THE UNIVERSITY. GET OVER AND COVER IT. THIS MAY BE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST PREHISTORIC DISCOVERY!

I'M ON MY WAY, CHIEF.



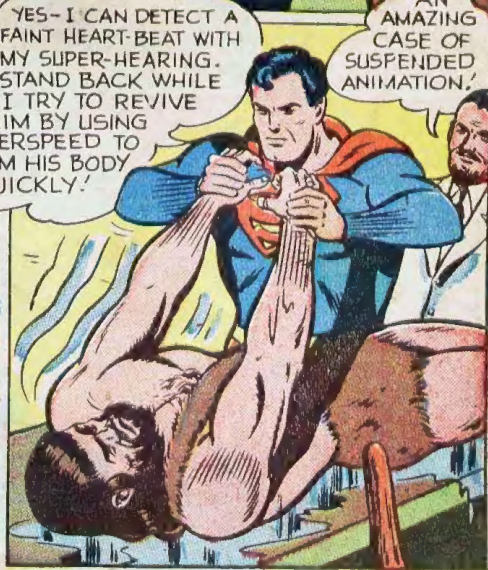
SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE UNIVERSITY...

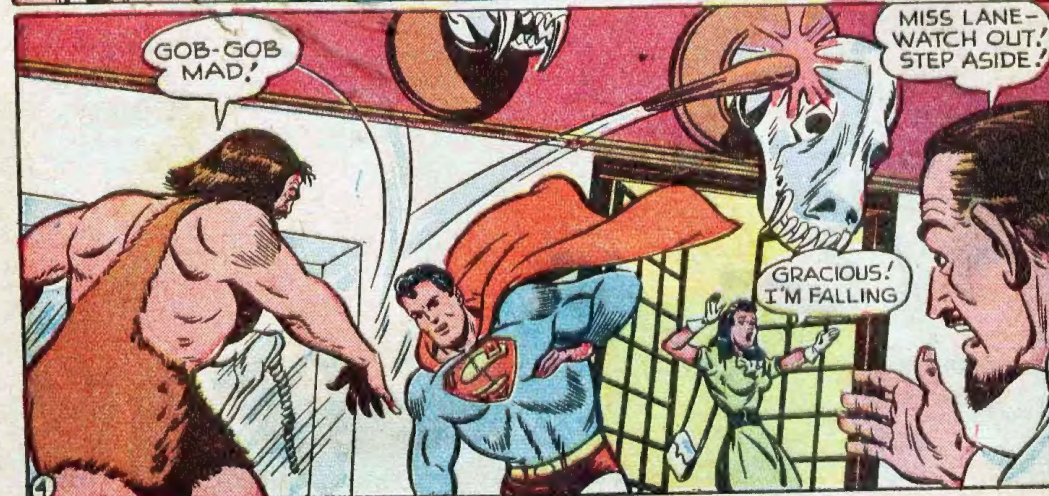
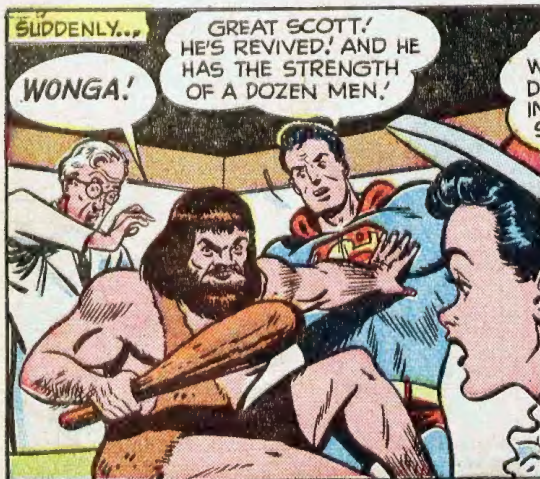
WHY-WHY- THERE'S EITHER SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS STETHESCOPE OR- I HEAR THIS FELLOW'S HEART BEATING! HE- HE'S ALIVE!

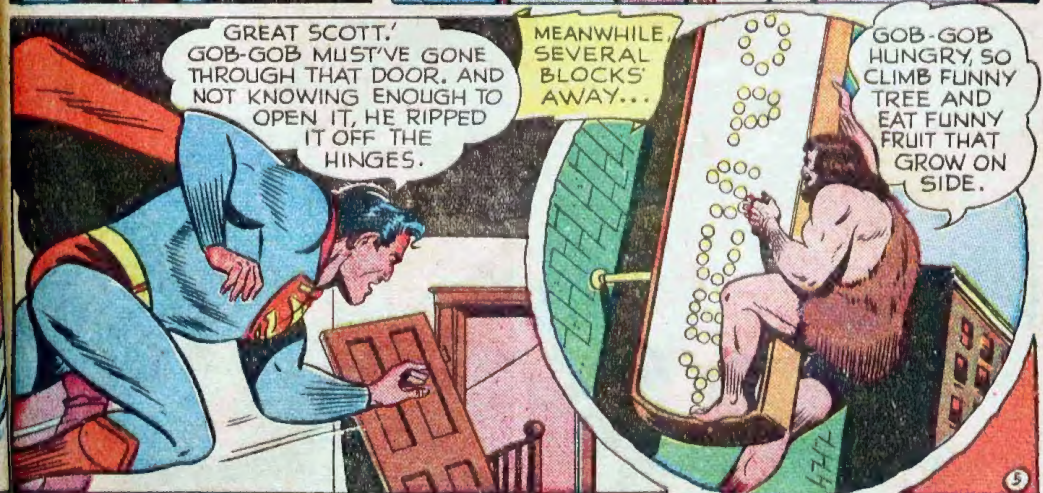
OH DEAR!

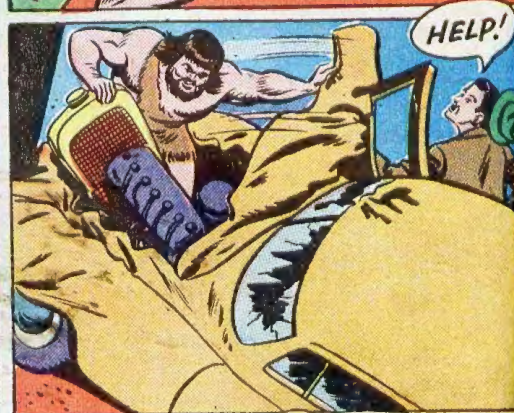
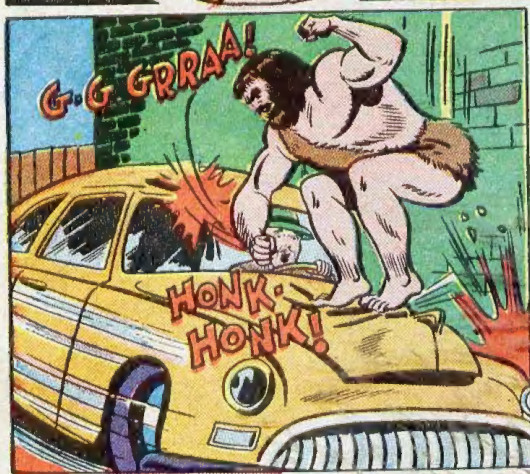
YES- I CAN DETECT A FAINT HEART-BEAT WITH MY SUPER-HEARING. STAND BACK WHILE I TRY TO REVIVE HIM BY USING SUPERSPEED TO WARM HIS BODY QUICKLY!

AN AMAZING CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!











SEE PIECES OF DINOSAUR
THAT GOB-GOB KILL! DO
SAME WITH YOU!

MAYBE
HE'LL CHANGE
HIS MIND WHEN
HE SEES WHAT
I DO WITH HIS
"PIECES OF
DINOSAUR."

MAN HIDE BEHIND WIND
SO GOB-GOB NOT SEE.
COME OUT AND FIGHT!

MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE
TO CONVINCE GOB-GOB
TO COME BACK WITH ME
WITHOUT FIGHTING!



SEE GOB-GOB-IT TAKES A
STRONG MAN TO DESTROY
SOMETHING, BUT IT TAKES
AN EVEN STRONGER MAN
TO PUT IT TO-
GETHER AGAIN!

GOB-GOB SEE!
YOU STRONGER!
GOB-GOB NOT
FIGHT!



AND SO-WITH PEACE RESTORED THE **MAN OF
STEEL** EXPLAINS TO GOB-GOB HOW HE HAS
CHANGED TO ARRIVE IN THE 20TH CENTURY...

AND THAT'S WHY MISS LANE
COULDN'T BE YOUR MATE,
WONGA- AGES HAVE
PASSED SINCE YOU
WERE FROZEN ALIVE
IN THAT GLACIER!

NO-BUT JUST
SAME SHE VERY
PRETTY GIRL, ME
LIKE MUCH!



THANK HEAVEN
YOU'VE FOUND HIM.
SUPERMAN!



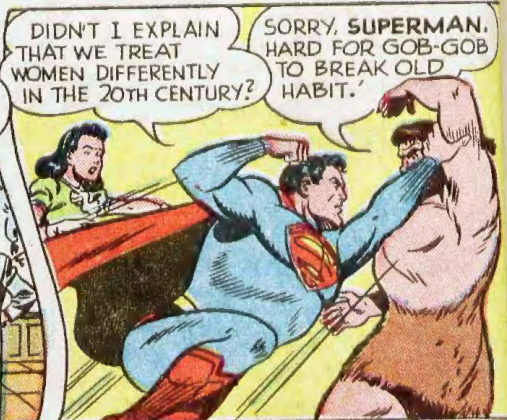
YES-AND I THINK
HE'LL BEHAVE IN A
CIVILIZED WAY NOW
THAT I'VE EXPLAINED
THINGS TO HIM.



WONGA—I MEAN-LOIS LANE! BEAUTIFUL GIRL!

OH-HHH!

HUH— DID YOU SAY HE'D BEHAVE?



DIDN'T I EXPLAIN THAT WE TREAT WOMEN DIFFERENTLY IN THE 20TH CENTURY?

SORRY, SUPERMAN. HARD FOR GOB-GOB TO BREAK OLD HABIT.



HOW DARE YOU INTERFERE, SUPERMAN! IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT WE POOR MODERN WOMEN CAN ENJOY REAL CAVE-MAN TREATMENT!

WHAT? YOU— YOU MEAN—YOU LIKED IT?



CERTAINLY! BESIDES— IT'LL MAKE WONDERFUL PUBLICITY. WHILE YOU WERE AWAY, I DIS-CUSSED THE IDEA WITH COSMIC PICTURES—AND THEY'RE DYING TO OFFER GOB-GOB A CONTRACT WITH ME PLAYING WONGA, HIS LEADING LADY!



SO THAT'S IT! YOU'LL BREAK GOB-GOB'S HEART JUST TO GET A SENSATIONAL STORY!

OF COURSE! AND I CAN SEE CLARK KENT TURNING GREEN WITH ENVY WHEN PERRY WHITE GIVES ME A BONUS!

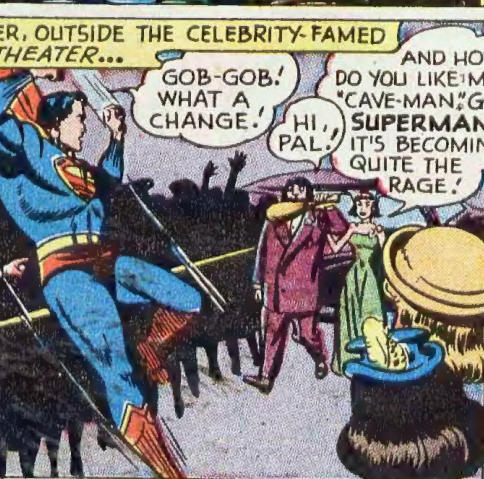
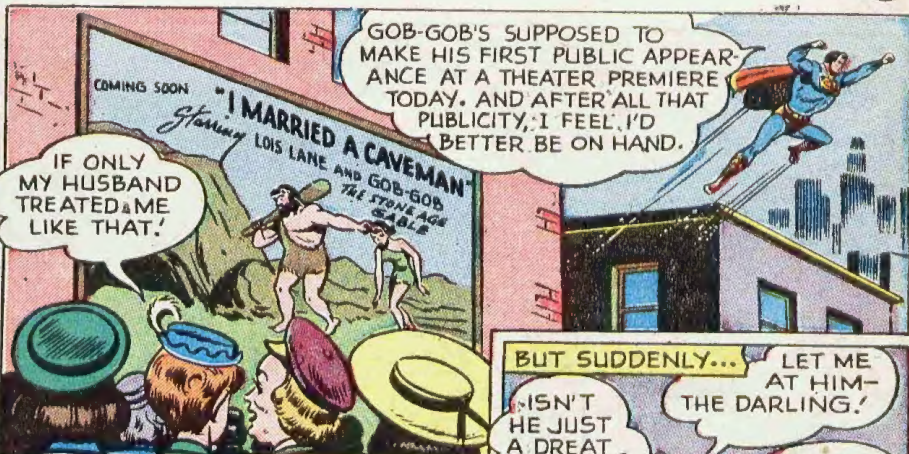


ME CATCH PRETTY BIRD!

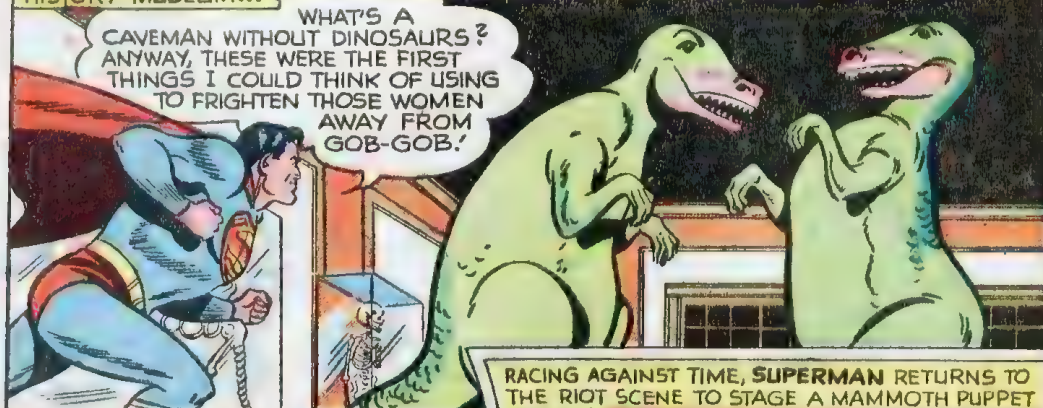
GOB-GOB, COME DOWN HERE AND PAY SOME ATTENTION TO ME!

HM—I DON'T LIKE IT. WONDER HOW THINGS WILL TURN OUT?

How
WILL
THINGS
TURN
OUT
?
IT IS
THREE
WEEKS
LATER
...

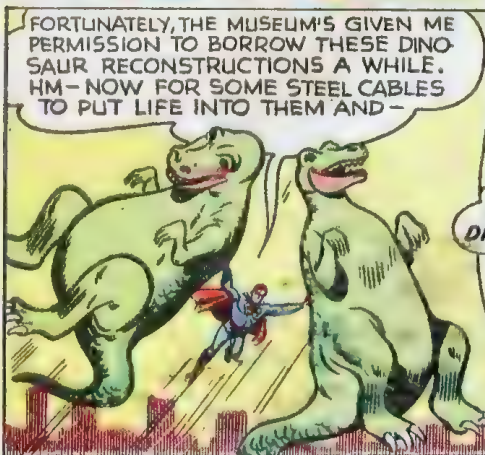


SECONDS LATER, THE MAN OF STEEL ARRIVES AT METROPOLIS' FAMED NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM...



WHAT'S A CAVEMAN WITHOUT DINOSAURS? ANYWAY, THESE WERE THE FIRST THINGS I COULD THINK OF USING TO FRIGHTEN THOSE WOMEN AWAY FROM GOB-GOB!

RACING AGAINST TIME, SUPERMAN RETURNS TO THE RIOT SCENE TO STAGE A MAMMOTH PUPPET SHOW!



FORTUNATELY, THE MUSEUM'S GIVEN ME PERMISSION TO BORROW THESE DINOSAUR RECONSTRUCTIONS A WHILE. HM—NOW FOR SOME STEEL CABLES TO PUT LIFE INTO THEM AND—

EEK! LOOK! DINOSAURS!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

I MARRIED A CAVEMAN
Starring LOIS LANE
and GOB-GOB



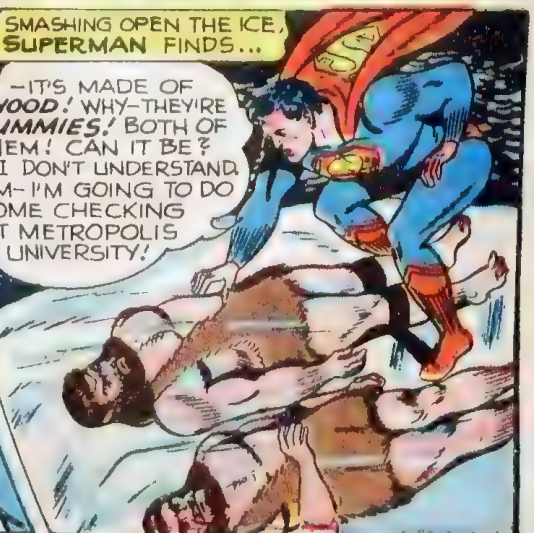
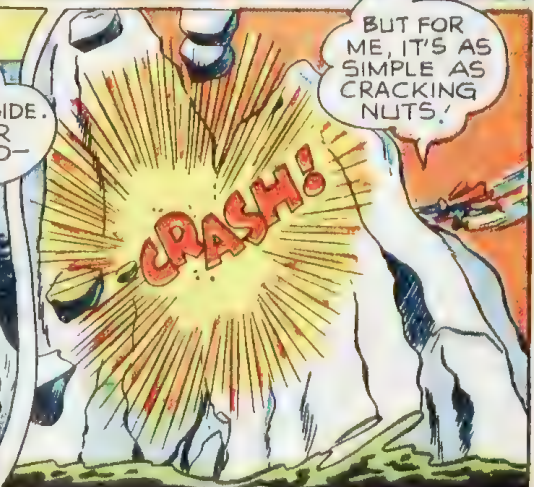
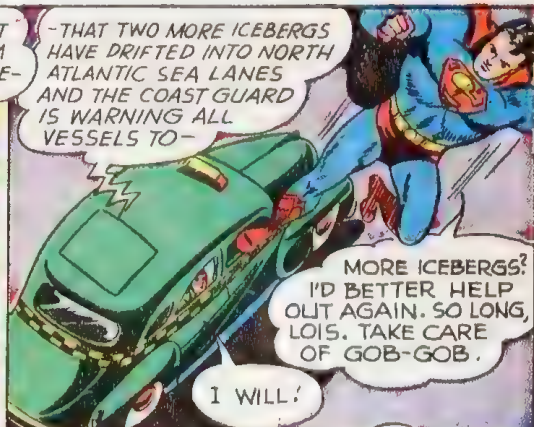
WILD DINOSAURS! I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

POOR GOB-GOB!

SEE—THEY'RE NOT REAL DINOSAURS. SUPERMAN USED THEM TO SHOO OFF THOSE WOMEN!

YES—BUT IT WON'T WORK A SECOND TIME. I WAS AFRAID THIS CAVE-MAN RAGE MIGHT GET OUT OF HAND, LOIS.





SHORTLY AFTER, AS SUPERMAN QUESTIONS THE SCIENTISTS AT THE UNIVERSITY...

WELL, SUPERMAN—WE MEANT TO TELL YOU IN TIME. COSMIC PICTURES PLANNED IT ALL WEEKS AGO. WE COOPERATED IN RETURN FOR THEIR ENDOWING A NEW ANTHROPOLOGY LABORATORY. COSMIC'S MEN PLANTED SEVERAL DUMMIES—

—ON A CERTAIN GLACIER SO OUR EXPLORERS COULD DIG UP AT LEAST ONE AND ANNOUNCE TO NEWSMEN WITH THEM THAT A REAL CAVE-MAN HAD BEEN FOUND. INSTEAD, THE GLACIER BROKE UP AND **YOU** FOUND THAT DUMMY IN THE ICEBERG.

THEN—

—IT WAS A DUMMY I FOUND. WHERE'D THE REAL CAVE-MAN, GOB-GOB, COME FROM?

WHEN YOU WENT TO PHONE THE DAILY PLANET, WE PULLED A SWITCH, DECIDING TO EMPLOY THE HOAX AS PLANNED. WE DESPERATELY NEEDED THAT LABORATORY, SO IT WAS IN A GOOD CAUSE.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT THE DAILY PLANET...

AND I WASN'T EVEN SUSPICIOUS WHEN THOSE SCIENTISTS ADVISED ME TO PHONE COSMIC PICTURES. AND GOB-GOB WAS ONLY A WELL-COACHED CIRCUS STRONG-MAN —

DAILY PLANET
SUPERMAN ADMITS JOKE
ON HIM IN CAVE-MAN HOAX
CAPTAIN PANG
AND FULL
WANT FULL
NOT WORK

—WHO PLAYED HIS PART SO WELL, HE REALLY BEGAN TO BELIEVE HE CAME FROM THE STONE AGE!

THINGS LIKE THAT ARE COMMON IN PSYCHOLOGY. IF HE HADN'T BEEN SHOCKED BY THOSE WOMEN MOBBING HIM—

—HE'D PROBABLY STILL BE UNDER THE DELUSION THAT HE WAS A REAL CAVE-MAN. HA-HA!

WELL—I DON'T KNOW. IN SOME WAYS, HE REALLY WAS!

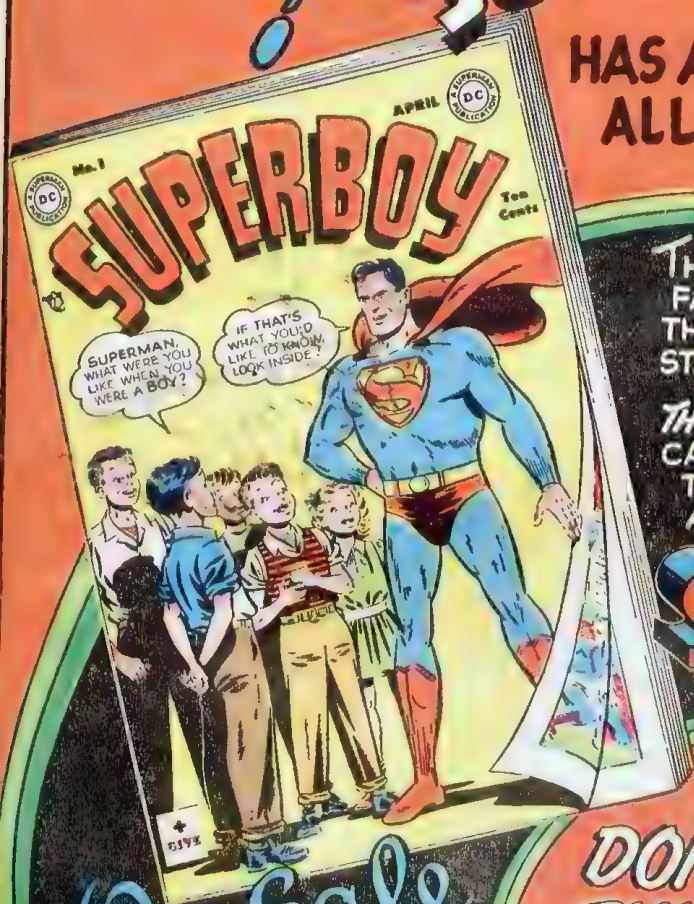
THE END

**A BIG
HIT *in*
ADVENTURE
COMICS**

— AND NOW

SUPERBOY

**HAS A MAGAZINE
ALL HIS OWN!**



THE MILLIONS OF
FANS WHO HAVE
THRILLED TO THE
STARTLING EXPLOITS
OF
THE MAN OF STEEL
CAN THRILL AGAIN
TO THE AMAZING
ADVENTURES OF

SUPERMAN
WHEN HE
WAS A *BOY!*

*On Sale
JAN. 8th*

**DON'T MISS
THIS GREAT
FIRST ISSUE!**



SHORTY

HEY,
YOU!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA WALKING ON MY GRASS? HOW CAN I KEEP A NICE LAWN WITH PEOPLE PARADING AROUND?

BIG GROUCH!

H'LO, SONNY - IS THAT YOUR DADDY?

YES!

IDEA

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A NICE TOY FOR A PRESENT?

TOYS

HERE, GO HOME AND HAVE LOTS OF FUN WITH THIS DRUM!

I HOPE HIS FATHER GETS A BAD HEADACHE!

BOOM
BOOM

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1903, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF ACTION COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1948

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the ACTION COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1903 and July 2, 1946 (section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is, (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc.; Harry Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampfliner, Gertrude Donenfeld, Rose Liebowitz, Sophie U. Sampfliner, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I.

Mentis as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I. Mentis as Successor Trustees for Sonia Donenfeld, Frederick H. Iker, Arlene J. Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1948
ALFRED R. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 20, 1950)

CONGO BILL

THE ROUGH WATERS OF THE CHINA SEA HAVE KNOWN THE KEELS OF PIRATE VESSELS SINCE THE DAYS OF THE EMPEROR YAO. YET NEVER HAS THERE BEEN A VESSEL THAT STRUCK, LOOTED AND VANISHED LIKE THE *PHANTOM RAIDER*. THAT'S WHERE CONGO BILL, ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR WORLD WIDE INSURANCE, COMES IN— AS HE DARINGLY SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF...

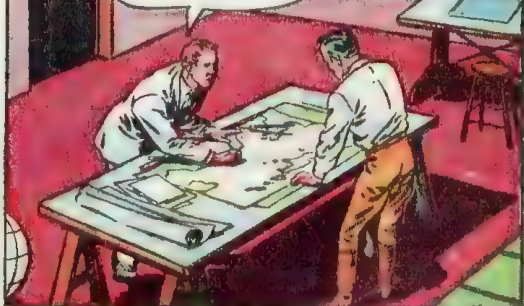
"The DERELICT from the DEEPS!"

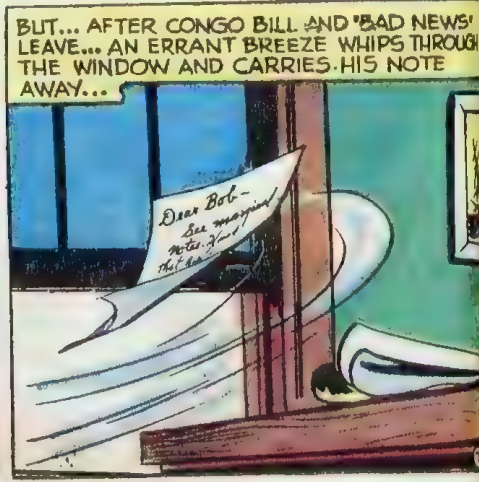
IN THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE, HONG KONG, CHINA...

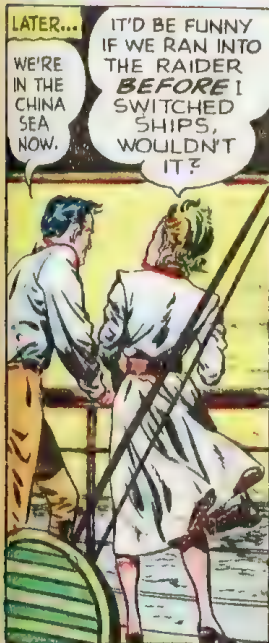
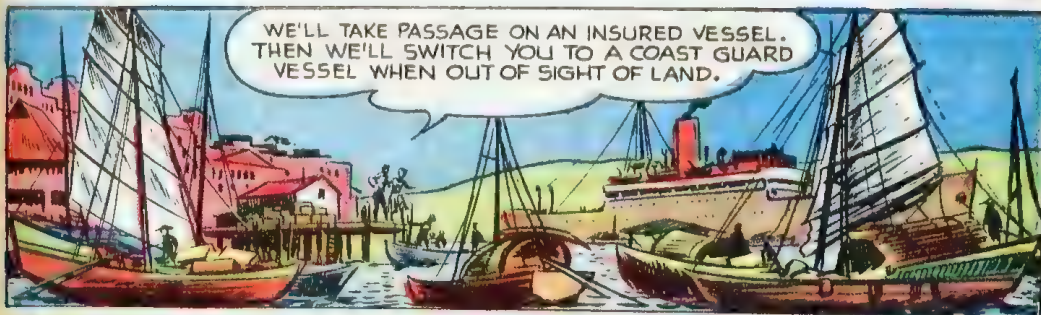
Glad you dropped in, CONGO BILL. I'll chart a few more of these derelict courses, then be with you.

YOU FELLOWS KEEP IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH DERELICT SHIPS, DON'T YOU?

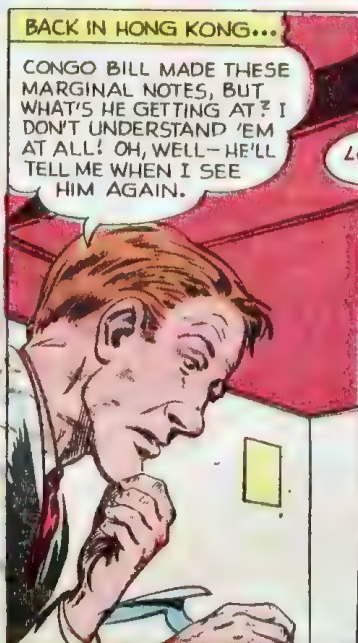
WE'VE CHARTED SHIPS' COURSES COVERING OVER 3,000 MILES, WHEN THE SHIPS DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE PERSON ON THEM. WE RECORD SEA-MINES AND DISAPPEARING AND RE-APPEARING ISLANDS. BUT HAVE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF...







IT'D BE FUNNY IF WE RAN INTO THE RAIDER **BEFORE** I SWITCHED SHIPS, WOULDN'T IT?

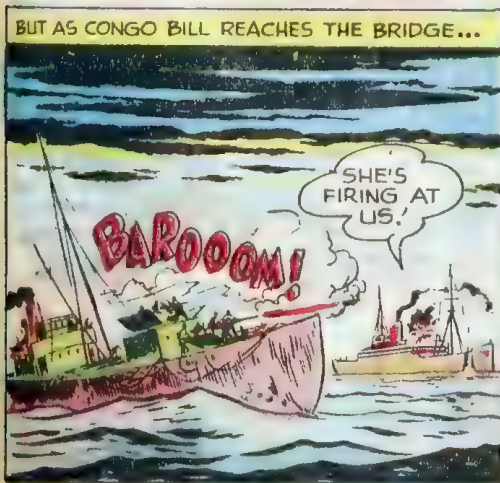


BACK IN HONG KONG... CONGO BILL MADE THESE MARGINAL NOTES, BUT WHAT'S HE GETTING AT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND 'EM AT ALL! OH, WELL—HE'LL TELL ME WHEN I SEE HIM AGAIN.

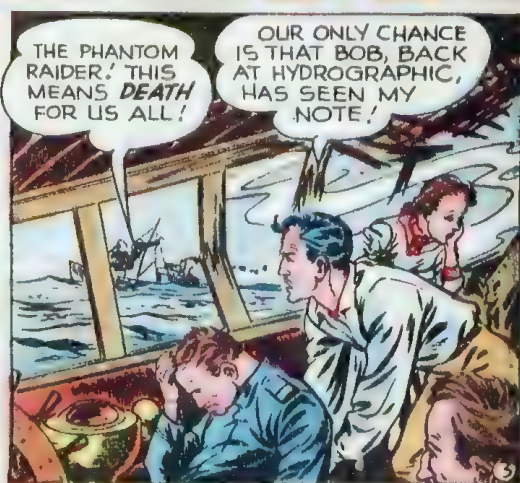


BUT THE CHANCES ARE, NO ONE WILL EVER SEE CONGO BILL AGAIN!

A DERELICT! BETTER SEE THE CAPTAIN RIGHT AWAY. I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT'S THE DERELICT THAT MOVES BACK AND FORTH... EVEN **AGAINST** THE OCEAN CURRENTS.



BUT AS CONGO BILL REACHES THE BRIDGE...



THE PHANTOM RAIDER! THIS MEANS **DEATH** FOR US ALL!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS THAT BOB, BACK AT HYDROGRAPHIC, HAS SEEN MY NOTE!

BUT THAT NIGHT, IN THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE..

WHY DO PEOPLE LITTER UP THE OFFICE FLOOR? WHAT DO THEY THINK WASTEBASKETS ARE FOR?

I'LL DROP IT INTO THE WASTE BASKET!

MEANWHILE, ABOARD CONGO BILL'S SHIP..

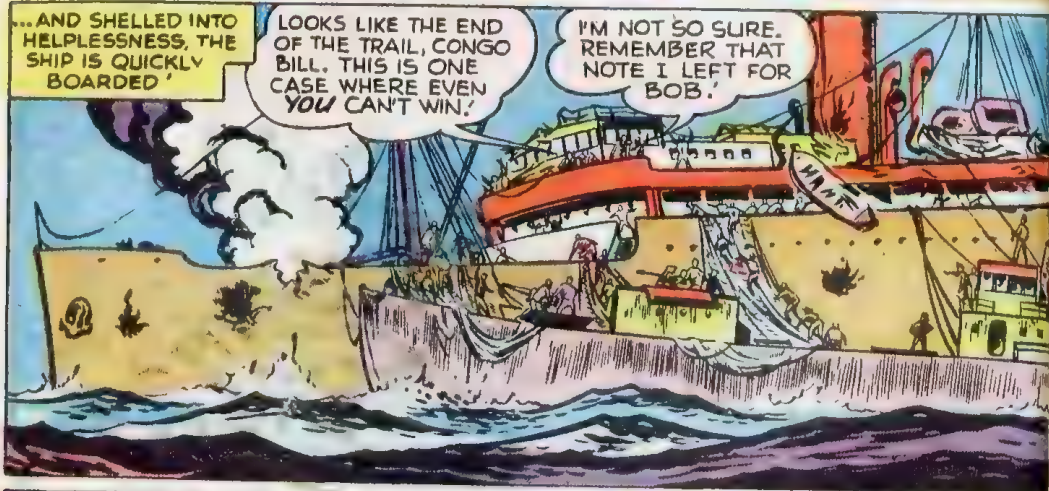
I HAVE TO SURRENDER... NO OTHER COURSE OPEN!

NO WONDER THE REPORTS SHOW THAT DERELICT MOVING BACK AND FORTH—EVEN AGAINST THE OCEAN CURRENTS! IT PROBABLY HAS POWERFUL ENGINES INSIDE THE HULL!

...AND SHELLS INTO HELPLESSNESS, THE SHIP IS QUICKLY BOARDED!

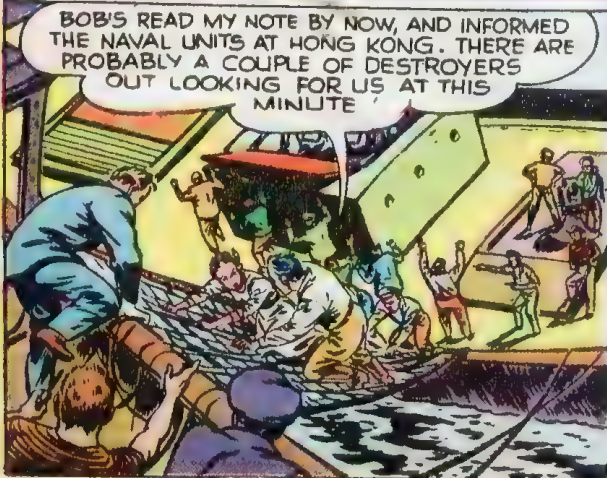
LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE TRAIL, CONGO BILL. THIS IS ONE CASE WHERE EVEN YOU CAN'T WIN!

I'M NOT SO SURE. REMEMBER THAT NOTE I LEFT FOR BOB!



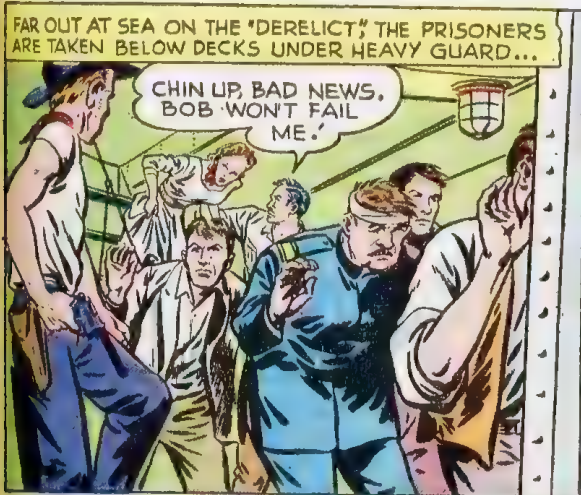
BOB'S READ MY NOTE BY NOW, AND INFORMED THE NAVAL UNITS AT HONG KONG. THERE ARE PROBABLY A COUPLE OF DESTROYERS OUT LOOKING FOR US AT THIS MINUTE

BUT... (-SIGH-) SOON BE TIME TO GO HOME. MY POOR FEET NEED A NICE HOT BATH—I'LL DUMP THIS JUNK IN THE INCINERATOR AND GET STARTED...



FAR OUT AT SEA ON THE "DERELICT," THE PRISONERS ARE TAKEN BELOW DECKS UNDER HEAVY GUARD...

CHIN UP, BAD NEWS, BOB WON'T FAIL ME.



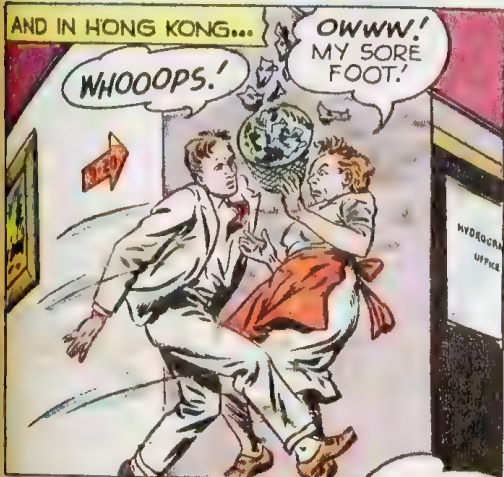
WELCOME ABOARD THE FALSE FACE, FOLKS. I'M SHANGHAI, THE SKIPPER. SORRY THAT I HAVE TO TURN YOU OVER TO MY HENCHMEN FOR DISPOSAL—BUT IT ISN'T SAFE TO LEAVE ANY LOOSE ENDS AROUND...



AND IN HONG KONG...

WHOOOPS!

OWWWW! MY SORE FOOT!



WHAT'S THIS—A NOTE FOR ME?



AND ON THE CHINA SEA...

GET RID OF 'EM ALL, MARKEY!

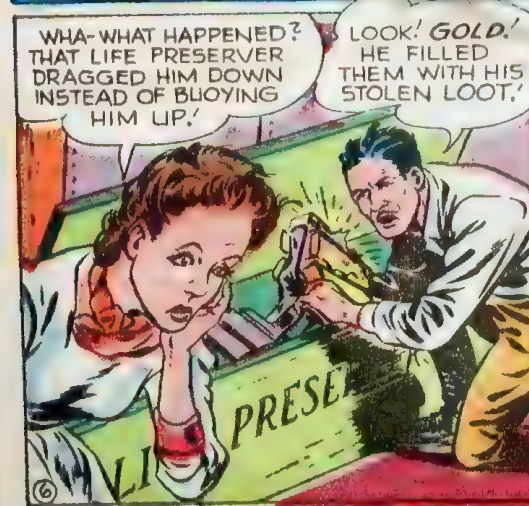
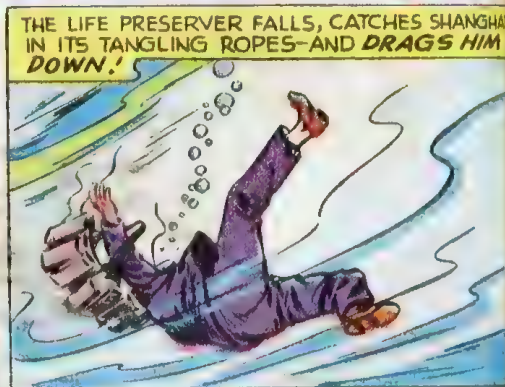
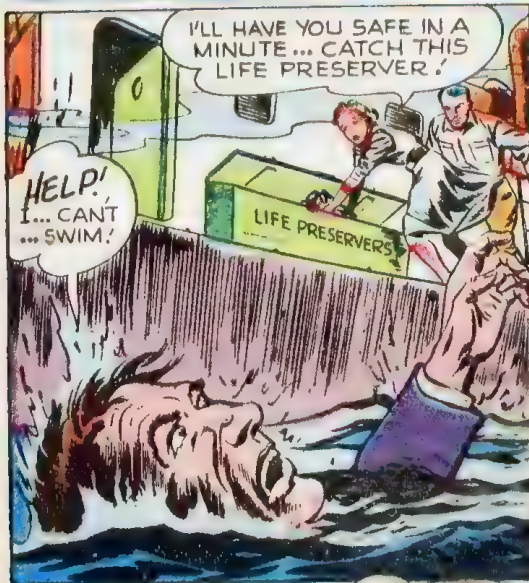
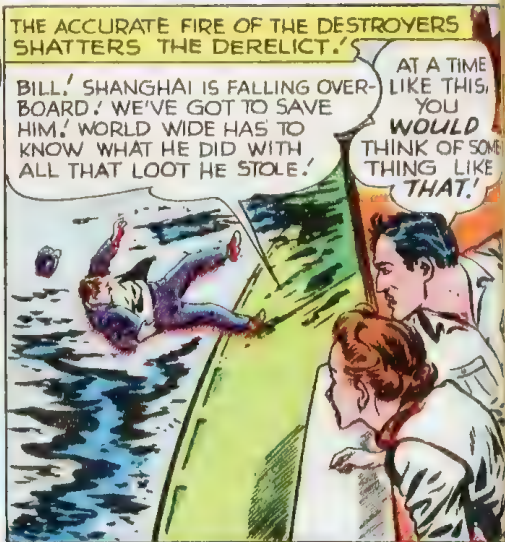
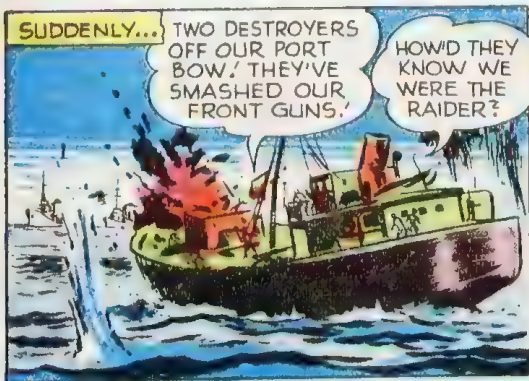
AYE, AYE, SIR! WON'T BE NARY A ONE LEFT TO SAY WE SANK THEIR SHIP!



Bob—See margin ch notes. Derelict that derelict is mentioned is phantom raider. Going after it. Notify navy. Depending on you. Cargo Bill

OHhhh! OH MY GOLLY! I—I MAY BE TOO LATE!





BOYS! GIRLS!

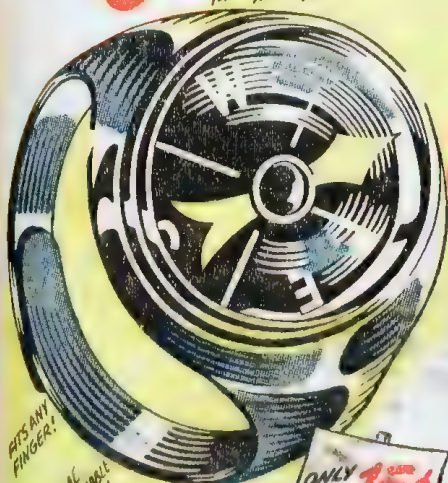
MAGNETIZED NEEDLE
ALWAYS POINTS
NORTH!



HURRY! BE THE FIRST TO AMAZE
YOUR GANG WITH A GENUINE MAGNETIC

NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING!

REAL MAGNETIC NEEDLE
—ALWAYS POINTS NORTH!



FITS ANY
FINGER!

PLASTIC DOME
LIKE HAWK'S BULL
ON BIG PLANE!

GENUINE
NICKEL-PLATED
MOUNT-TANISH!

ONLY **15¢**
plus front of one
SMITH BROTHERS box.

You really know where you're going when you wear a GENUINE MAGNETIC NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING. A real scientific instrument, with a magnetized needle that always points to the North Magnetic Pole! You just turn the ring around so the "N" is under the needle—and you know just where all the other directions are too! That's how navigators have been doing it on ships for hundreds of years.

And boy, what a ring! Made with a lens-type transparent plastic dome—genuine nickel plated so it stays bright and shiny. Fits any finger, too. A sturdy good-looking well-made ring you'll be proud to wear! So hurry! Get your own GENUINE MAGNETIC NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING!

HEY NIP! THERE'S A LIGHT
FLASHING OUT THERE!
LOOKS LIKE AN S.O.S.!



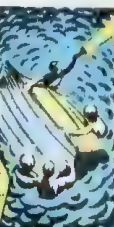
SEE? THREE SHORT...
THREE LONG. THREE SHORT!
AND MY COMPASS RING
SAYS ITS EAST-NORTHEAST!



AND THE LIGHT-
HOUSE BEARS
SOUTHWEST!
COME ON! WE'VE
GOT TO PHONE THE
COAST GUARD!



MEANWHILE
OUT AT SEA...



LAYER: IN A HEAVY
FARMHOUSE!
THAT'S RIGHT, COMMANDER.
THE S.O.S. CAME FROM
EAST-NORTHEAST, AND
THE LIGHTHOUSE WAS
SOUTHWEST OF US!



HERE SHE COMES! THE
COAST GUARD HELICOPTER!



BOY! WATCH HER HEAD
EAST-NORTHEAST AS SOON
AS SHE GETS OVERHEAD!

..SO WE PICKED UP ALL
FOUR SURVIVORS...
THANKS TO YOUR
SPLENDID DIRECTIONS



AND THANKS TO OUR
NAVIGATOR'S
COMPASS
RINGS!

GREAT FOR HIKES! Especially in the woods, when snow covers your tracks. Always wear it!

FISHING WITH DAD! You be navigator... tell others how to get back if a fog comes up!

WHEN A PLANE GOES BY... figure out its course, tell what city it's headed for.

WONDERFUL FUN—all year 'round!



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

SMITH BROTHERS, P.O. Box 368, Providence, R. I.
Enclosed find front from Smith Brothers Cough Drop box plus 15¢. Rush my ring to me at once.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LIMITED TIME ONLY!

This offer expires at midnight, June 30, 1949. HURRY!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO—Just send front of Smith

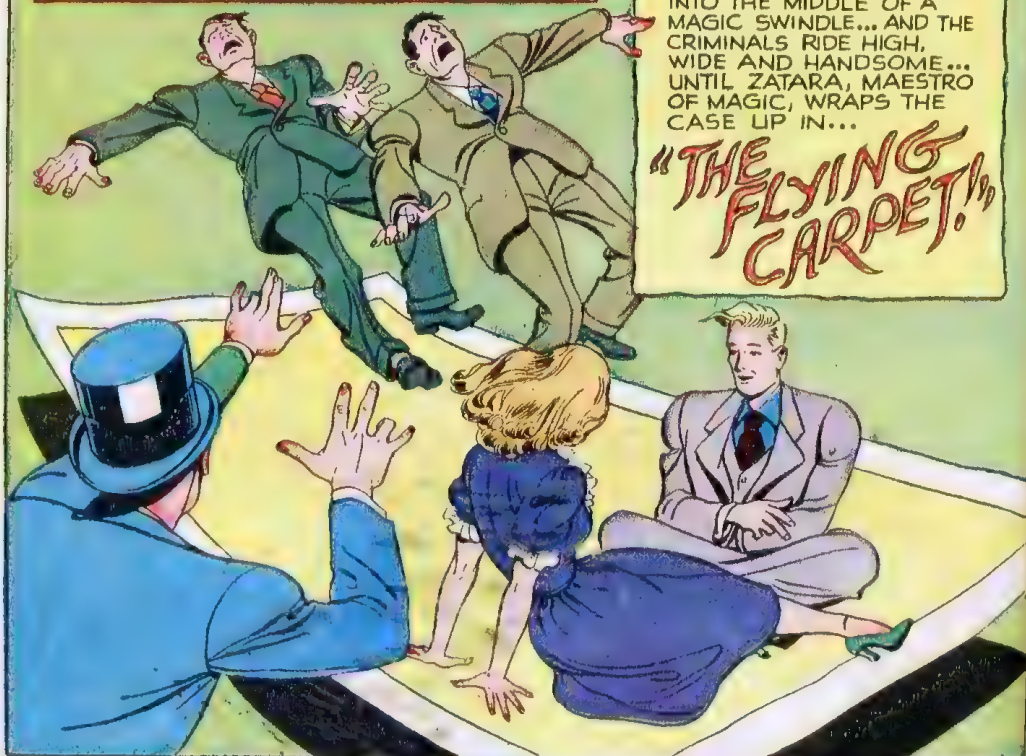
Brothers Cough Drops box—Black or Menthol—and 15¢ in coin—with coupon at right. That's the only way you can get your Navigator's Compass Ring. We'll rush it to you—right away. So hurry! Write to Smith Brothers, P.O. Box #368, Providence, Rhode Island.

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BILL JOHNSON'S MONEY HAS WINGS, AND IT'S ALWAYS FLYING AWAY... UNTIL ONE DAY BILL FLIES WITH IT! HE SOARS RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF A MAGIC SWINDLE... AND THE CRIMINALS RIDE HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME... UNTIL ZATARA, MAESTRO OF MAGIC, WRAPS THE CASE UP IN...

"THE FLYING CARPET!"



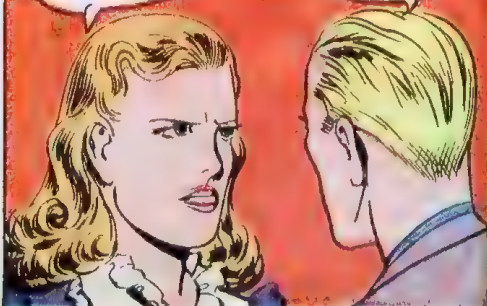
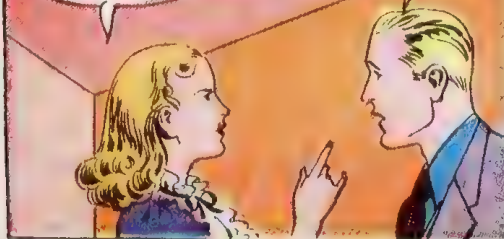
BOY LOVES GIRL, GIRL LOVES BOY... BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT THEY DON'T QUARREL SOMETIMES!

BILL JOHNSON, I TOLD YOU I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU UNTIL YOU SAVED UP \$1,000! MARRIED PEOPLE CAN'T LIVE ON LOVE!

BUT GOSH, JANE, I DON'T MAKE MUCH.. IT'LL TAKE A LONG TIME!

YOU'D HAVE HAD IT BY NOW IF YOU HADN'T WASTED YOUR MONEY ON FOOLISH SCHEMES! JUST DON'T DO IT AGAIN!

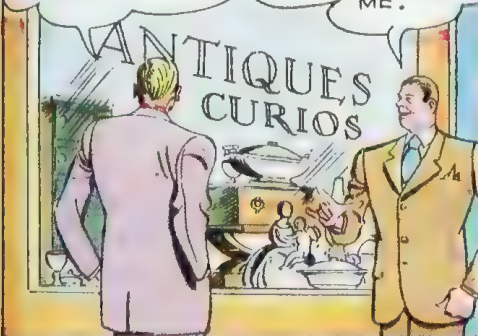
I WON'T.. BUT CAN YOU BLAME ME FOR WANTING TO GET THE MONEY IN A HURRY, SO I CAN MARRY YOU?



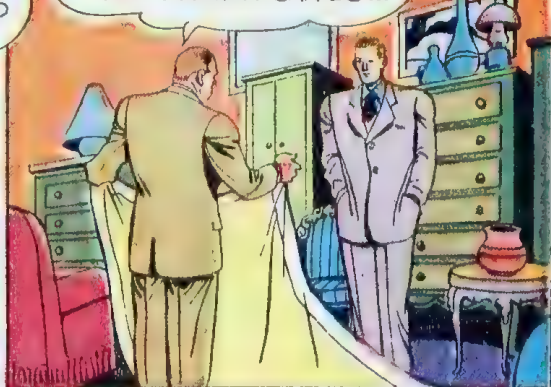
BUT LATER THAT DAY...

NICE STUFF THEY HAVE HERE... TOO BAD I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY ANYTHING...

CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY? PAL, YOU CAN'T AFFORD **NOT** TO BUY! COME INTO THE STORE WITH ME.

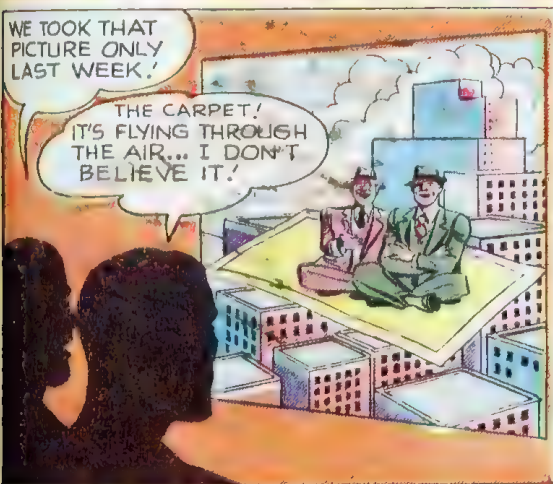


LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY CARPET, DOESN'T IT? WELL, IT ISN'T! LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT IT CAN DO...



WE TOOK THAT PICTURE ONLY LAST WEEK!

THE CARPET! IT'S FLYING THROUGH THE AIR... I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

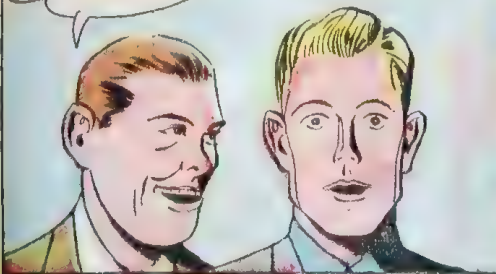


YEAH, I KNOW IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE... BUT IT'S TRUE! THE CARPET WORKS ON A NEW SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE... WE'LL BE PUTTING IT ON THE MARKET SOON...



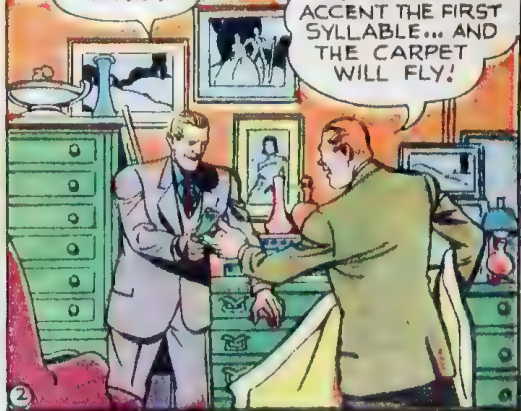
WE'RE LETTING THIS CARPET GO CHEAP BECAUSE WE NEED READY CASH TO BUY RAW MATERIALS... ALL WE WANT IS \$100... YOU COULD EARN THAT BACK IN NO TIME...

GEE, I COULD TAKE JANE TO WORK EVERY MORNING... SAVE BUS FARES... RAILROAD FARES...



I'LL TAKE IT, BUT HOW DO YOU MAKE IT WORK?

SIMPLE! JUST SAY THE MAGIC WORD **ALIGAZAM**... ACCENT THE FIRST SYLLABLE... AND THE CARPET WILL FLY!



SWELL JOB, OILY! THAT FAKED PICTURE HELPED... BUT IT WAS YOUR LINE OF TALK THAT REALLY SOLD HIM!

THANKS, DUKE.

CURIOS

UNAWARE THAT HE HAS BEEN HOAXED, BILL EAGERLY SEEKS JANE.

COME UP ON THE ROOF, JANE... I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

SURPRISE? BILL JOHNSON, HAVE YOU BEEN SPENDING MORE MONEY?

PRESENTLY...

WHAT ON EARTH'S THE IDEA?

QUIET, AND YOU'LL FIND OUT.
ALIGAZAM!

NOTHING HAPPENED... MAYBE IT DIDN'T HEAR...
ALIGAZAM..ALIGAZAM ... ALIGAZAM...

HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

MEANWHILE, IN A NEIGHBORING BUILDING, ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, IS GIVING A PERFORMANCE FOR CHARITY... BEFORE A STINGY AUDIENCE!

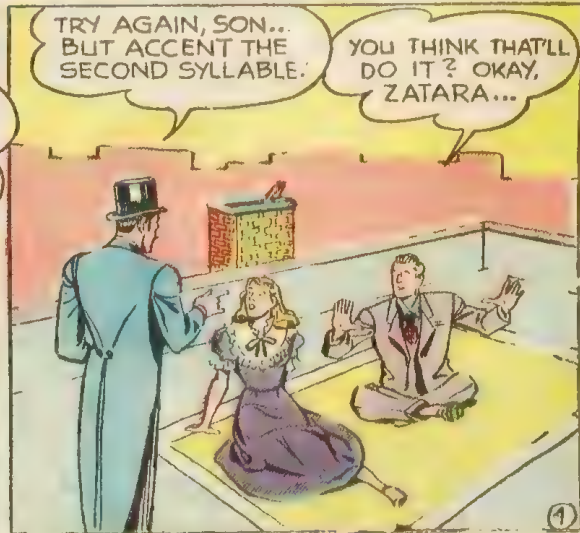
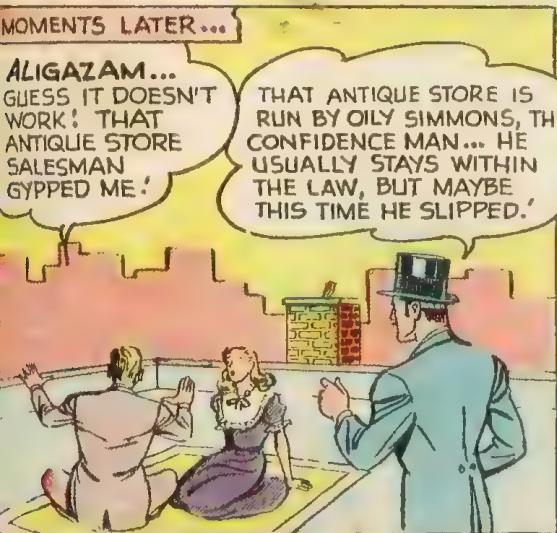
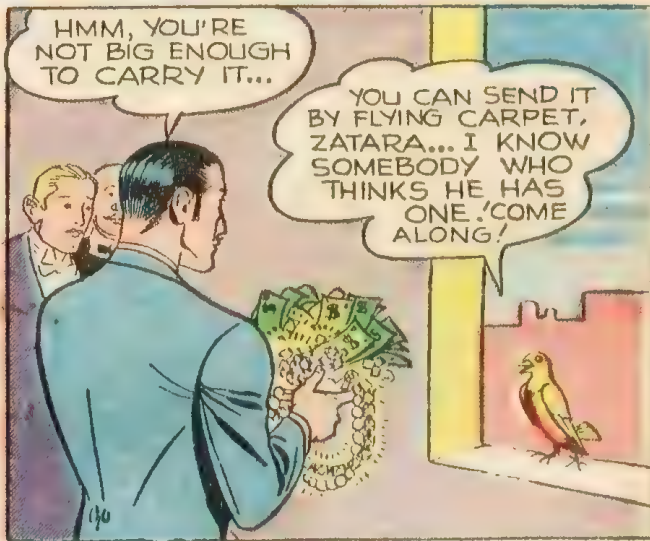
OH, ZATARA, I FORGOT MY EMERALD NECKLACE... I WONDER IF YOU COULD BRING IT TO ME?

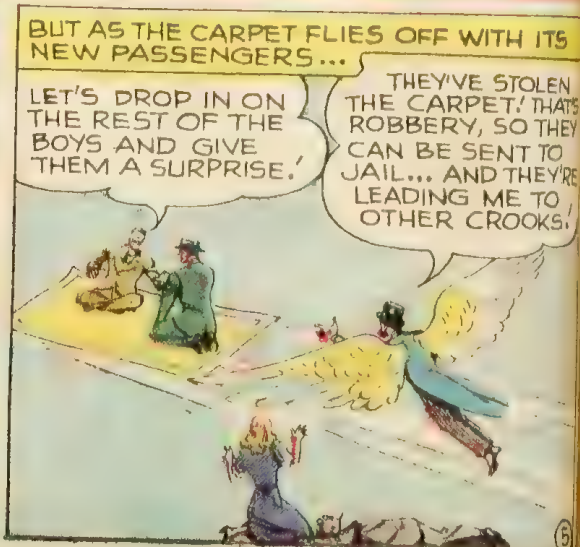
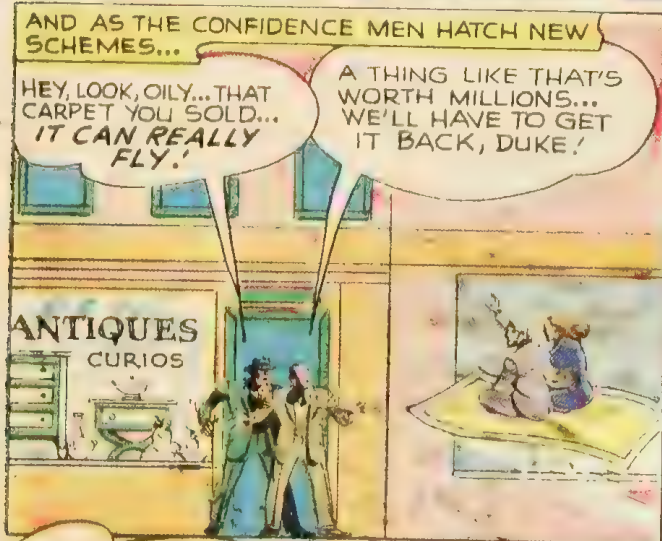
BETTER THAN THAT... I'LL SEND YOU FOR IT YOURSELF.

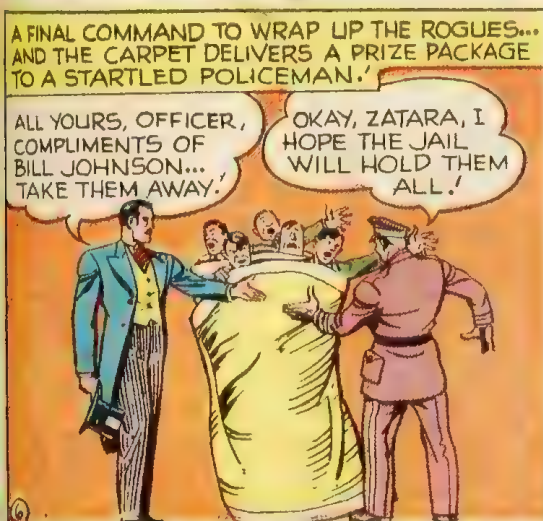
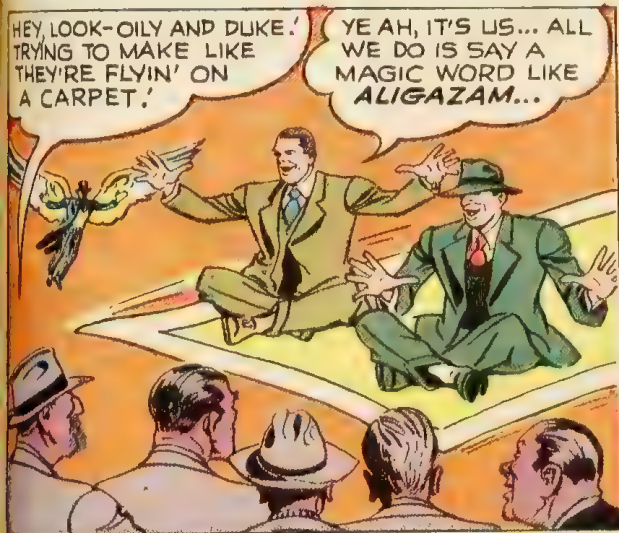
I'LL SEND YOU IN A WAY THAT SUITS YOUR PERSONALITY...
NRUT OTNI HCTIW.*

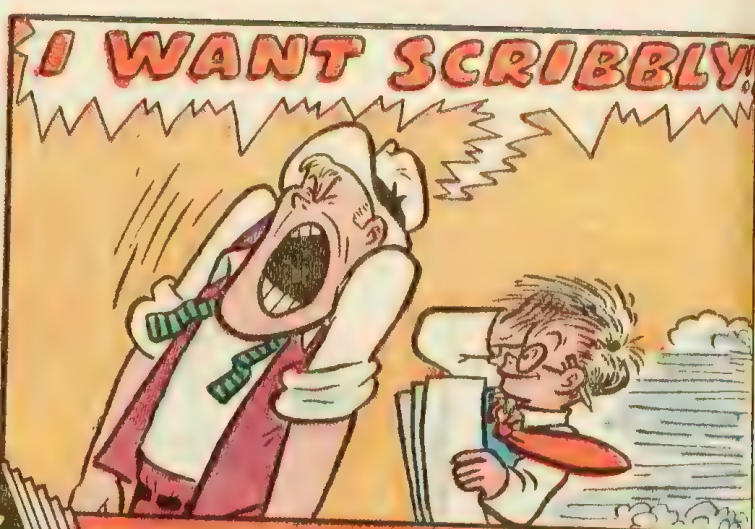


*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.









Everybody
wants
SCRIBBLY

HIS HILARIOUS,
HEARTWARMING,
HUMOR IS A MUST!

DON'T MISS HIM--

GET THIS MAGAZINE
AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND BEFORE THEY'RE
ALL SOLD OUT!



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

WOEXMRK MW KVI-
EX JSV VCXLQ ERH
FEPERGI — FYX
HSR'X WOEXI SR XL-
MR MGI!

SUPERMAN,

c o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Feb.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA
I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to
receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

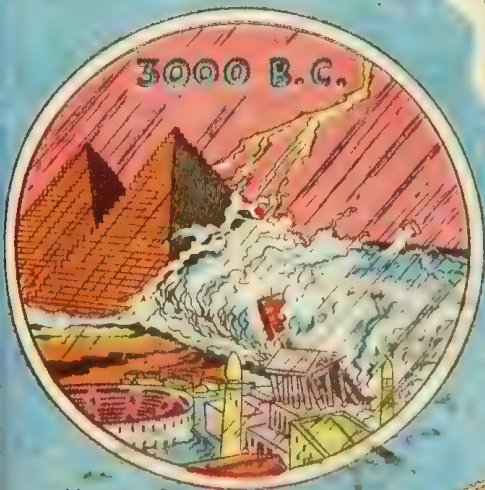
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

Tommy TOMORROW

THROUGHOUT THE AGES, CIVILIZATION HAS AGAIN AND AGAIN BEEN THREATENED BY CATASTROPHE IN THE FORM OF PLAGUE, FAMINE, FLOOD, WAR AND OTHER DOOMS! HERE IS THE STORY OF A HORRIFYING CALAMITY THAT MENACED HUMANITY IN THE YEAR 1988! AND IT IS ONLY COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW, OF THE GALLANT PLANETEERS, WHO CAN SEARCH THE KNOWN WORLDS TO FIND THE SALVATION FOR A DOOMED WORLD! ANOTHER BLAZING ADVENTURE OF THE FUTURE TAKES PLACE WHEN TOMMY TOMORROW STAVES OFF...

THE EARTH DOOM!

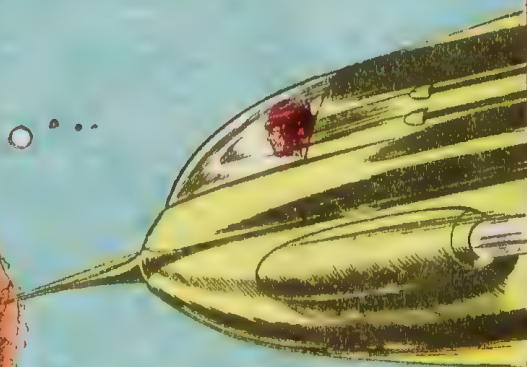
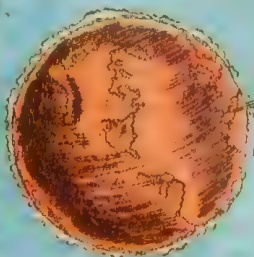
3000 B.C.



1906



1988?



HAVING EARNED A LEAVE FROM HIS SPACE DUTIES, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE FAMED PLANETEERS VISITS EARTH'S INTERPLANETARY ZOO...

HMM! THAT CREATURE FLOATS IN MID-AIR, LIKE A BALLOON!

BUT THERE IS LITTLE LEISURE FOR A PLANETEER, AND A CALL ABRUPTLY FLASHES FROM HIS RING RADIO!

COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW! REPORT TO THE STELLAR ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY FOR SPECIAL DUTY! URGENT!

YES, SIR!

THE STELLAR OBSERVATORY EXTENDS INTO PURE AIR A HUNDRED MILES ABOVE EARTH'S SURFACE!

SOME SPEED THIS ELEVATOR HAS! I'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE!

AS YOU KNOW, COLONEL, THAT NOVA APPEARED A MONTH AGO! A NOVA IS A STAR THAT HAS BURST OR EXPLODED INTO ATOMIC BRIGHTNESS!

IT HURTS THE EYES TO LOOK AT IT!

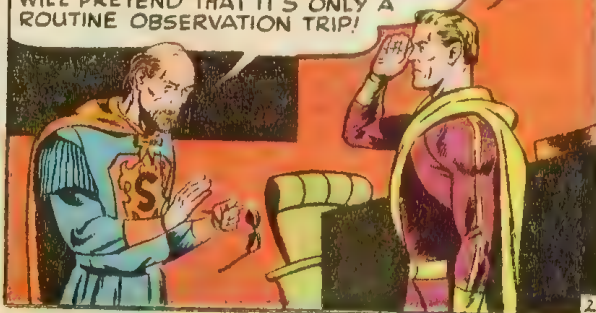
TOMMY'S MISSION TURNS OUT TO BE ONE OF VAST IMPORTANCE AND TOP SECRET!

THAT NOVA'S RAYS ARE A MENACE TO ALL HUMANITY ON EARTH! OUTSIDE OF THE SCIENCE BUREAU, ONLY YOU CAN BE TOLD THAT.

GASP!

BUT NO ONE MUST BE ALARMED, UNTIL YOU COME BACK! YOU WILL TAKE A SHIP INTO SPACE AND SEARCH FOR WHAT YOU NEED! YOU WILL PRETEND THAT IT'S ONLY A ROUTINE OBSERVATION TRIP!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR!



PRESENTLY, A HUGE SPACE SHIP ROCKETS AWAY FROM EARTH, CAPTAINED BY TOMMY TOMORROW!

FULL SPEED INTO SPACE!

THIS IS AN ASTRONOMICAL TOUR OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, MEN! FIRST, WE'LL OBSERVE THIS ECLIPSE OF THE SUN BY A WANDERING BODY! KEEP APPROACHING THE SUN!

HOURS LATER, AT FRANTIC SPEED, TOMMY'S SHIP DRAWS NEAR TO THE BLAZING CENTRAL SUN ITSELF!

STOP, COLONEL! WE'RE GETTING TOO CLOSE! THE HEAT IS TERRIBLE! ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL US ALL?

QUIET DOWN, CRAIG! I'M IN COMMAND HERE!

I WILL NOT QUIET DOWN! THAT HEAT IS KILLING! I'LL UGH!

SORRY, CRAIG! THIS IS THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DO!

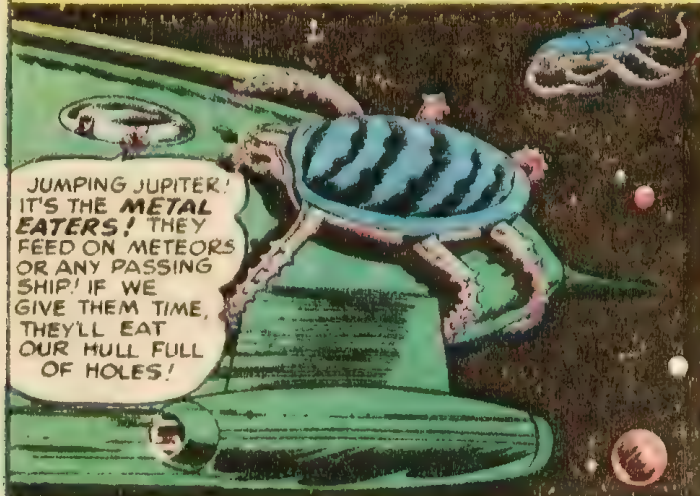
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TOMMY? HE SURE IS GETTING TOUGH!

I CAN'T REVEAL TO MY MEN WHY THIS TRIP IS SO IMPORTANT! NOW TO ANALYZE THE ECLIPSE RAYS AND SEE WHAT I WANT IS THERE

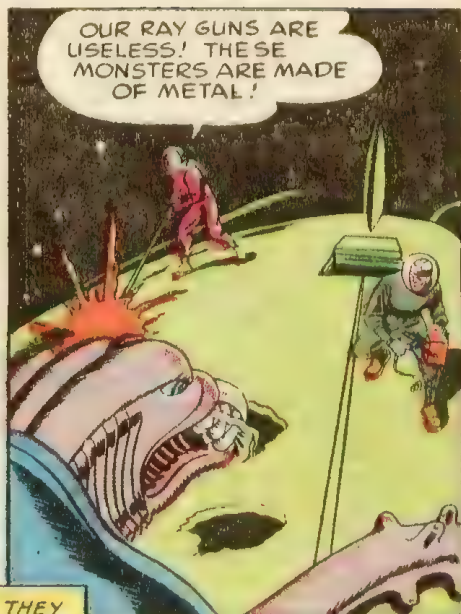
NO LUCK! WE'LL OBSERVE THAT COMET NEXT, AT CLOSE RANGE! ATTENTION, PILOTS! TURN FOR THE COMET!



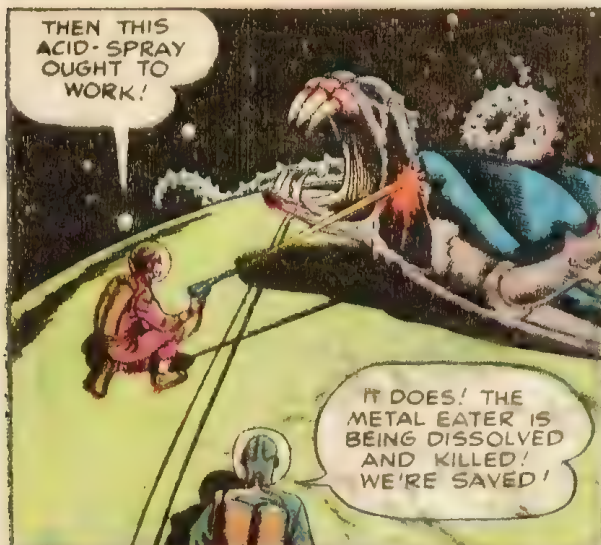
BUT BEFORE REACHING THE COMET, THERE IS SUDDEN ATTACK BY WEIRD CREATURES OF SPACE!



JUMPING JUPITER! IT'S THE **METAL EATERS**! THEY FEED ON METEORS OR ANY PASSING SHIP! IF WE GIVE THEM TIME, THEY'LL EAT OUR HULL FULL OF HOLES!



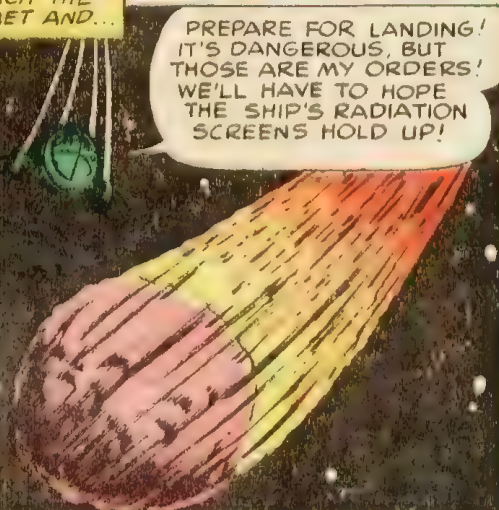
OUR RAY GUNS ARE USELESS! THESE MONSTERS ARE MADE OF METAL!



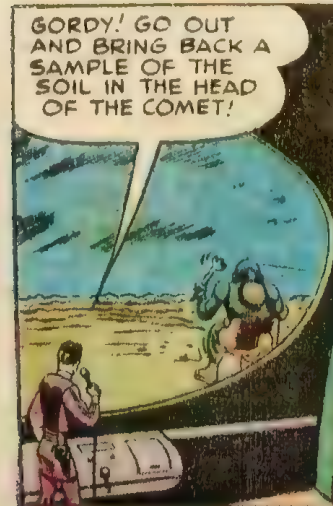
THEN THIS ACID-SPRAY OUGHT TO WORK!

IT DOES! THE METAL EATER IS BEING DISSOLVED AND KILLED! WE'RE SAVED!

LATER, THEY REACH THE COMET AND...



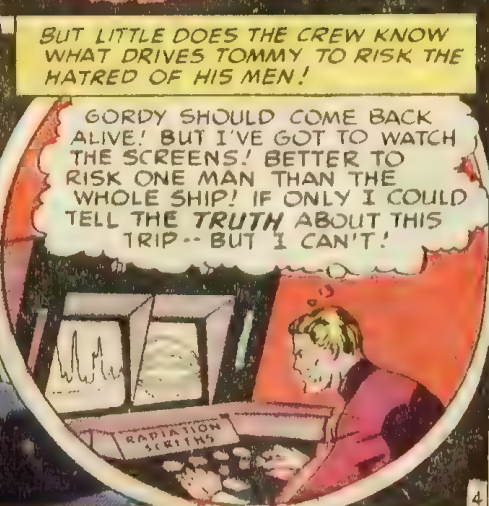
PREPARE FOR LANDING! IT'S DANGEROUS, BUT THOSE ARE MY ORDERS! WE'LL HAVE TO HOPE THE SHIP'S RADIATION SCREENS HOLD UP!



GORDY! GO OUT AND BRING BACK A SAMPLE OF THE SOIL IN THE HEAD OF THE COMET!



THE GLORY GRABBER! TOMMY IS GOING TO RISK ALL OUR LIVES TO MAKE BIG HEADLINES BACK ON EARTH!

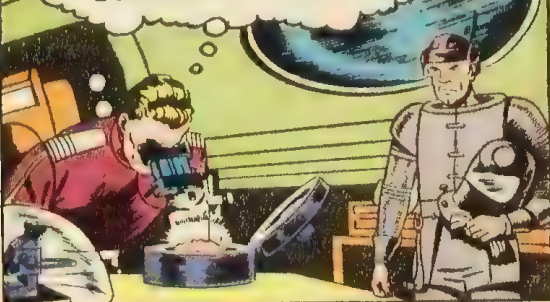


BUT LITTLE DOES THE CREW KNOW WHAT DRIVES TOMMY TO RISK THE HATRED OF HIS MEN!

GORDY SHOULD COME BACK ALIVE! BUT I'VE GOT TO WATCH THE SCREENS! BETTER TO RISK ONE MAN THAN THE WHOLE SHIP! IF ONLY I COULD TELL THE **TRUTH** ABOUT THIS TRIP-- BUT I CAN'T!

GORDY RETURNS SAFELY, BUT AGAIN TOMMY TOMORROW IS DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT IN HIS MYSTERIOUS SEARCH!

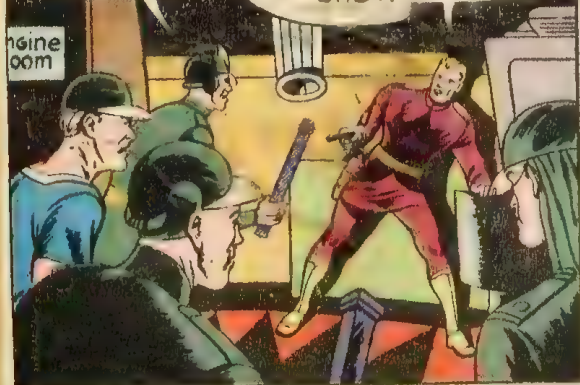
NO SIGN OF IT! I'LL HAVE TO TRY A METEOR SWARM NEXT! BUT THE MEN MUST KEEP THINKING THIS IS JUST AN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATION TRIP!



AND MUTINY ITSELF FACES TOMMY, AS HIS CREW CRACKS UNDER THE STRAIN OF FEAR!

TAKE US OUT OF THIS OR--!

HALT! WE'RE GOING ON! THE NEXT MAN WHO MOVES GETS SHOT!

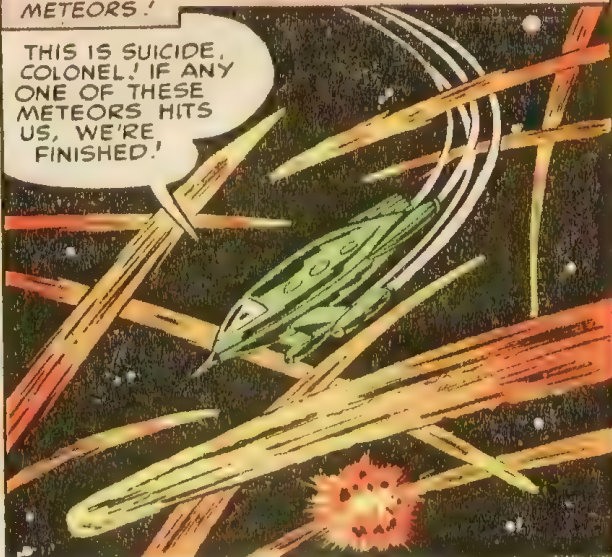


KEEP CALM, MEN! ALL WE NEED IS ANOTHER BLACK DIAMOND FOR THE BEARINGS! AND IT'S KNOWN THAT METEORS SOMETIMES HOLD BLACK DIAMONDS!



NEVER BEFORE HAS A SPACE SHIP DARED WEAVE ITS WAY WITHIN A SWARM OF CLOSE-PACKED METEORS!

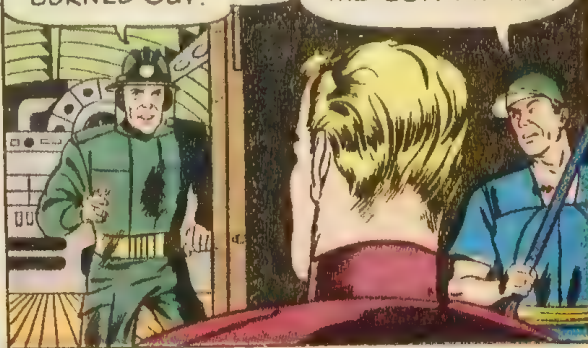
THIS IS SUICIDE, COLONEL! IF ANY ONE OF THESE METEORS HITS US, WE'RE FINISHED!



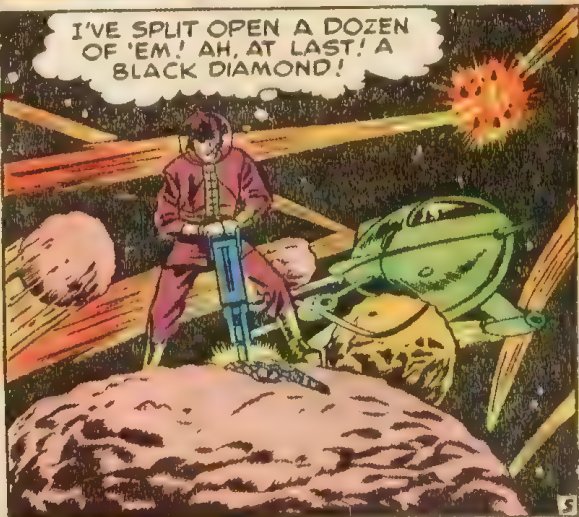
BUT SUDDENLY, THERE IS AN OMINOUS DISTRACTION!

THE MOTOR STOPPED! THE DIAMOND BEARING BURNED OUT!

WHAT? THEN WE'RE TRAPPED HERE IN THE METEOR SWARM!



I'VE SPLIT OPEN A DOZEN OF 'EM! AH, AT LAST! A BLACK DIAMOND!



WITH THE MOTOR REPAIRED, THEY SPEED AWAY FROM THE CLASHING METEOR SWARM -- WITH BUT SECONDS TO SPARE!

NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!

THE MUTINY HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN, IN THE FACE OF COMMON DANGER, BUT AGAIN TOMMY SWALLOWS A BITTER PILL!

WE GOT SENSATIONAL ASTRONOMICAL PICTURES OF THE INSIDE OF A METEOR SWARM!

YES, BUT THAT ISN'T WHAT I CAME FOR! CAN JUPITER'S RED SPOT BE THE ANSWER?

THE RED SPOT OF JUPITER, A SEETHING BOILING MAELSTROM OF WHIRLWINDS AND POISONOUS GASES ON THE LARGEST OF THE NINE PLANETS!

FULL BRAKING ROCKETS OR WE'LL CRASH!

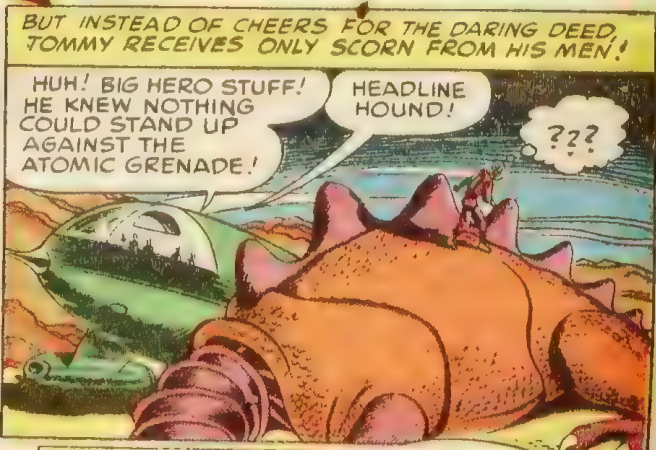
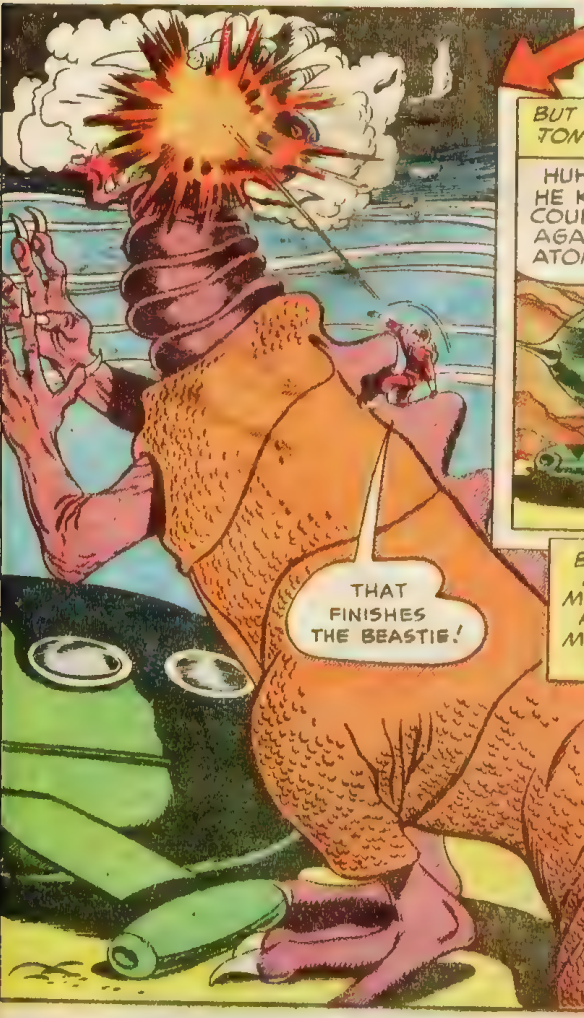
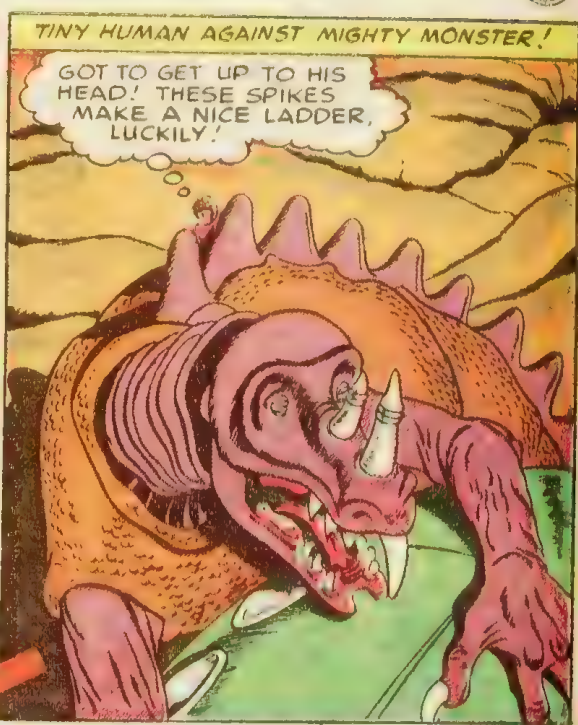
BUT NO SOONER DOES THE SHIP LAND SAFELY THAN A FEARSOME MONSTER ATTACKS!

GR-R
ROW-
RRR!

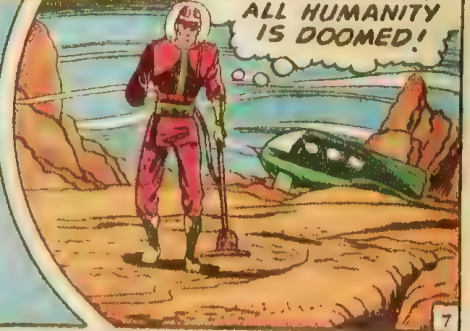
WE CAN'T BREAK AWAY! HE'LL CLAW THE SHIP OPEN!

ONLY ONE HOPE, MEN! SOMEONE HAS TO GO OUTSIDE AND TACKLE THAT BEAST WITH AN ATOMIC GRENADE!

WHICH ONE OF US IS HE GOING TO PICK, THE COWARD?



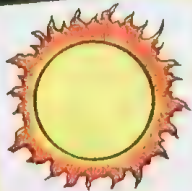
BUT TOMMY'S SPIRIT IS CRUSHED FAR MORE BY ANOTHER FACT-- THAT HIS MISSION IS NOT YET ACCOMPLISHED!





AND BACK ON EARTH, THE SAME GRIM WORDS ECHO IN THE STELLAR OBSERVATORY!

THAT NOVA IS STILL BATHING THE EARTH WITH INTENSE RAYS THAT WILL **BLIND EVERY MORTAL ON EARTH** IN WEEKS!



TO COUNTERACT THE BLINDING RAYS, WE NEED ELEMENT #99! TOMMY TOMORROW MUST FIND IT!

TOMMY FULFILLS THE MIRACLE!

THE RADIO-ACTIVE DETECTOR IS GOING AT A FAST RATE! AND IT'S -- IT'S ELEMENT #99! HURRAY! I FOUND IT AT LAST!

LATER, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW RECEIVES WELL-DESERVED HONORS?

YOU SAVED THE HUMAN RACE FROM BLINDNESS!

LOOK AT HIM--ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN!

HURRAY!

WHEEEE!

SUCH IS THE GRIM FATE HANGING OVER ALL CIVILIZATION IN THE YEAR 1988!

88 - RADIUM
89 - ACTINIUM
90 - THORIUM
91 - PROTOACTINIUM
92 - URANIUM
93 - PLUTONIUM
94 - NEPTUNIUM
95
96 } SYNTHETIC
97
98
99 - ??

WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF ELEMENT #99 EXISTS ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE! NOR CAN WE MAKE IT SYNTHETICALLY! IF TOMMY TOMORROW FINDS IT, IT WILL BE A MIRACLE!

TOMMY DELIVERS HIS PRECIOUS ORE TO EARTH, WHERE IT IS REFINED AND SPREAD THROUGH EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE IN SPRAY FORM!

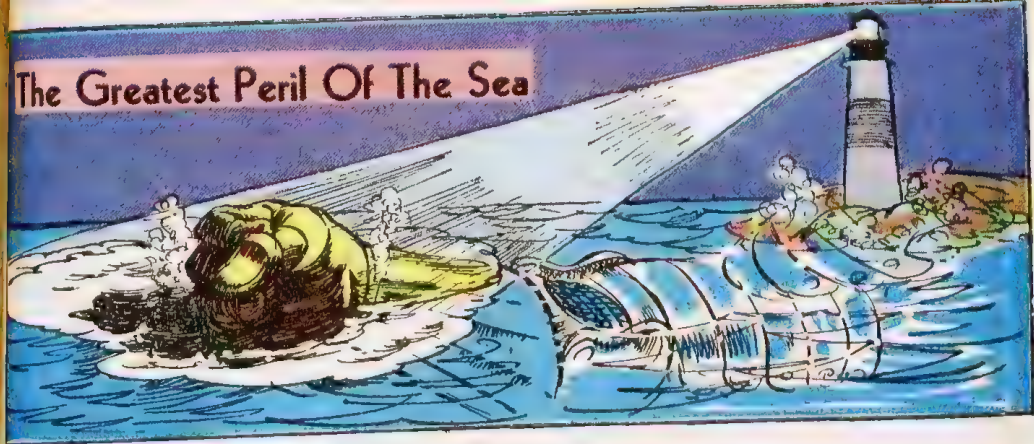
THAT WILL PROTECT EARTH FROM THE NOVA'S BLINDING RAYS!

BUT TOMMY'S GREATEST MOMENT IS WHEN HE AGAIN MEETS HIS ENLIGHTENED CREW!

AND WE CALLED YOU A GLORY-GRABBER AND HEADLINE HOUND!

PLEASE FORGIVE US! WE SALUTE YOU, SIR!

The Greatest Peril Of The Sea



THE freighter, "Mary Anne," was coming back from one of her roughest trans-Atlantic crossings in years. She had been tossed and buffeted by the ruthless sea. Part of her deck cargo had been washed adrift by the heavy waves and more than once she had seemed doomed. Yet through it all, old Captain Blake had remained the calm master of the situation—a skillful seaman who seemed to know every trick of the treacherous sea.

But now the waters were calm and the freighter was nearing the coast and her home port. There was the traditional call of "Land ho!" and young Jim Johnson, the new Third Officer gave a sigh of relief. After such a perilous crossing, it was good to reach the safety of solid land again, and, feeling thus, he was greatly surprised when the Captain, who had been a man of steel in the face of all their difficulties, suddenly seemed nervous and upset.

"I'll take over this watch myself," the Captain said.

"What's the matter with the Old Man?" Johnson whispered to the white-haired bosun, who had sailed the seas for nearly half a century.

"He's just scared," said the bosun dryly. "scared of the land."

At first Johnson thought this was meant as a joke, but the ancient bosun went on: "Can't blame him when you come to think of it. More ships have been destroyed by the shores they try to reach than by any kind of punishment the tricky old sea can hand out. Why, on the beaches of Cape Cod alone, more than 10,000 seamen have lost their lives during the past century."

Now, here was salty wisdom and the Third Officer respected it.

"Guess with all its dangers, the greatest peril of the sea is the land," he said. But even as he spoke he watched the huge finger of light swinging out from the dangerous coast, giving a promise of safety and protection.

Here was one of the 500 lighthouses that guard our 50,000 miles of coastlines, manned by the U. S. Coast Guard and so situated that at any point along the coast a ship can spot at least one light and sometimes two. The keepers of these lighthouses are courageous, capable and well-trained men, on the alert twenty-four hours a day, manning radio, direction beams and sound devices, in addition to their lights, so that ships may be safely guided past the perils of the coast lines.

Rocks and shoals, treacherous currents and heavy shore winds, combine to make a ship's last few miles the most dangerous part of a voyage. The lighthouse crews must be ready to brave all kinds of dangers, not only in keeping their signal apparatus in repair, but also in servicing the chain of light and sound buoys within their area of operation and in manning life-boats and breeches lines for rescue operations.

The freighter was now slowly heading toward the beacon light, the radio beam on the direction finder was coming in strongly, and a white channel light was spotted on a buoy that bobbed up and down with the tide flow. It was one of those big ten-ton buoys whose lights go on automatically through the use of a timing device.

"We should be safe now," Johnson said to the

bosun, but he noticed that the steel-nerved Captain was still acting jittery as a kitten as he shouted rapid orders from the bridge.

"I don't know. You never can trust the land," the bosun warned. "These big buoys have been known to tear adrift in heavy weather, and lighthouse crews have risked their lives in raging storms to recapture them before they led ships to their death. Then, this new-fangled radio beam, good as it is, doesn't give you safety to the last foot, you know. You still have to be plumb careful when you bring in a ship."

As if to prove the bosun's words, the Captain suddenly rang the signal for: "Engines full astern!" and the big ship churned to a stop. Then he yelled orders to lower the anchors.

"Wonder what's wrong now," said Third Officer Johnson.

The Captain answered this himself as he stepped from the bridge to go below-decks. "We'll anchor here until daylight," he said gruffly. "Can't figure what's wrong, but the red and white lights don't show in proper pattern according to my chart."

Jim Johnson stayed on deck to smoke a quiet pipe and he thought of all he had learned about lighthouses and their history in navigation school. Their keepers certainly do not lead the quiet, idle life some people suppose. There is a constant battle that has been going on since 300 B.C., when Ptolemy I had a great beacon light built to protect shipping into the port of Alexandria. It was four hundred feet high and a fire was kept burning day and night in a large brazier on its summit. At night it shone like a star and by day its column of smoke guided ships through the treacherous rocks that surrounded the famous harbor.

Strangely enough, while even such crude beacons had proved their value and soon became popular throughout the Mediterranean area, it was not until 1519 that the first lighthouse was set up in England on the dangerous southern tip of Cornwall. This was bitterly opposed by beachcombers, who had grown wealthy and powerful from shipwrecks on that coast. They argued with King James that the light would deprive them of their means of livelihood. He denied their petition but they then rendered the lighthouse useless by setting up false beacons along the dangerous coast and in a few years managed to have it torn down. It was not until 1752 that it was replaced.

In this country, the first lighthouse was built

in Boston harbor by the Colonial Government in 1716. It was lighted by a huge whale-oil lamp. Years later, gas-light came into general use, and finally the first electrically lighted beacon to be used was none other than the one above our Statue of Liberty, which in its early days was the most important navigational beacon of the great New York harbor.

At first, the Lighthouse Service was manned by civilians. Families lived for generations on the storm-swept islands that dot the coast. Lighthouse posts were usually handed down from father to son, and in some instances women took over these man-sized jobs when their husbands died. It was not until 1939 that lighthouse work was added to the many adventurous duties of the U. S. Coast Guard.

Jim Johnson mused about the romantic history of these beacons that guard our coasts, until the first fingers of dawn shot out of the horizon. Then with a sudden shock he saw that the ship was anchored just a matter of yards before a tremendous reef of rocks that jutted out of the water like a wall of destruction.

"Good thing the Captain has a healthy fear of the land!" he gasped, and in a few minutes old Captain Blake was back at his post giving the necessary orders.

"But that was a white light, leading us right into the rocks, Captain!" Jim Johnson exclaimed. "How do you explain that?"

The Captain handed the Third Officer his binoculars. "Now that it's daylight and the light is out, you can see what's wrong," he said.

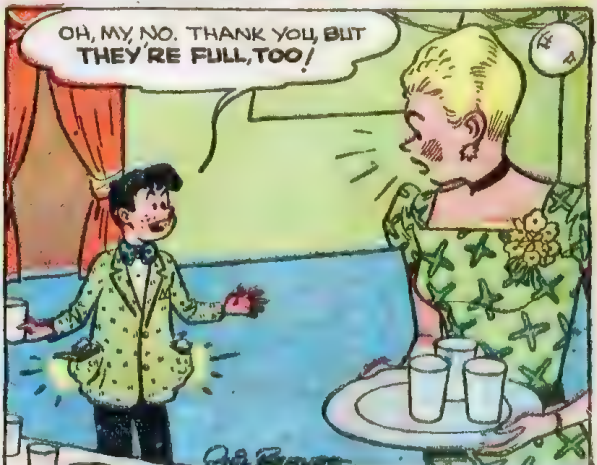
Jim Johnson adjusted the glasses and to his amazement he saw that the lens of the buoy light was gone. A few shattered fragments of red glass still clung around the edges.

"Why, it was a red light. The lens must have been shattered by the storm!" he cried.

"Doesn't happen often but—well, you just never can be too careful when you get near the coast," the Captain explained. "First thing we'll do is radio the lighthouse about that lens and you can be sure there'll be a red light where it belongs before nightfall.

And Jim knew this was true, for come storm or high water, biting cold or sleet, a boat crew of Coast Guardsmen would battle their way to the defective buoy and quickly get her in order again. For upon the accuracy of their lights and signals depend the lives of ships and men pitted against the greatest peril of the sea—the land.

—Cliff Rhodes



VIGILANTE

JUST IMAGINE... THE MOST NOTORIOUS WESTERN BADMEN OF ALL TIME GROUPED TOGETHER IN ONE JAIL! THEN A MASS ESCAPE... AND ONE MAN HAS THE JOB OF CAPTURING THEM! THAT ONE MAN? ... **THE VIGILANTE** ... HOW DID HE BECOME THE SHERIFF OF SUCH A FANTASTIC JAIL? FOR THE ANSWER, READ THE STRANGE STORY OF...

"THE DESPERADOES OF DOOM!"

WE'LL BREAK OUTA HERE... OR WE AIN'T THE **JAMES BOYS!**

THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR THE **DALTON BROTHERS!**

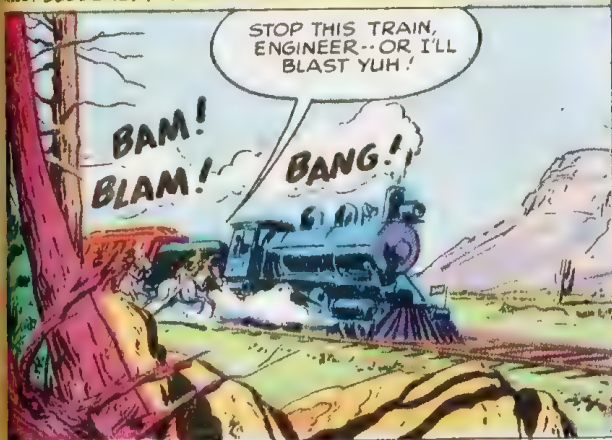
COUNT ME IN... I'M **CRAZY-GUN CRAWLEY!**

AN' ME, **PARDS ... BILLY THE KID!**





ALONG TRAIN PUFFS ITS WAY LABORIOUSLY THROUGH WESTERN HILLS. SUDDENLY, A BAND OF MEN RIDE FROM HIDING, AND...



STOP THIS TRAIN, ENGINEER--OR I'LL BLAST YUH!

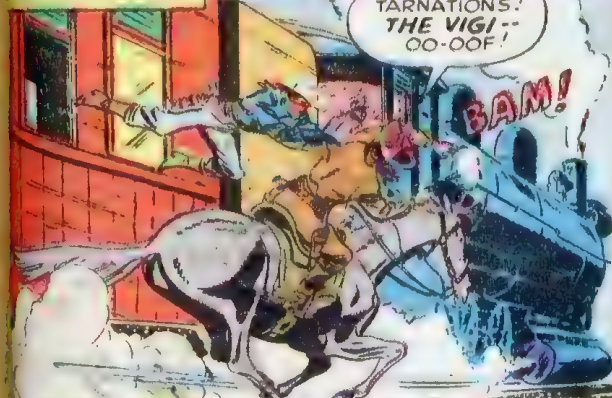
AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOOTING, GREG SANDERS, WHOSE **REAL** IDENTITY IS KNOWN ONLY TO HIS YOUNG PARTNER STUFF REACHES FOR A FAMILIAR MASK...

TRAIN ROBBERS! LOOK OUT!--

THE VIGILANTE'S BEEN WAITIN' FOR SOME EXCITEMENT, PARD! THIS IS IT!

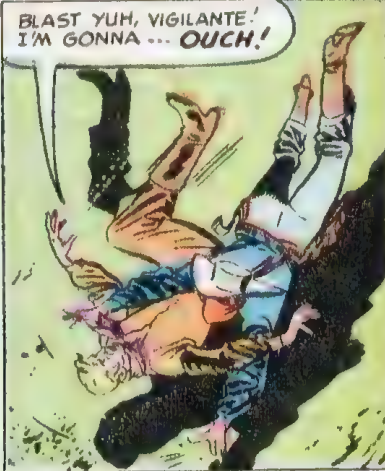


JUST AS THE OUTLAW CHIEF READIES A SHOT AT THE ENGINEER, THE FAMED DEPUTY OF JUSTICE HURTTLES FROM A WINDOW...



TARNATIONS! THE VIGI-- OO-OOF!

BLAST YUH, VIGILANTE! I'M GONNA ... OUCH!



AFTER A BRIEF TUSSLE...

YOU GOT THE LEADER, VIG... MAY THE REST O' THE GANG WRIGHTAILED IT INTO THE BUSH! YOU HURT ANY?

NOPE, PARD... JUST THIS LITTLE SCRATCH HERE, FROM A CACTUS THORN, I RECKON!



BUT WHEN A FEW MOMENTS PASS...

THAT'S NO CACTUS SCRATCH, VIGILANTE! LOOK AT THE DISCOLORATION! IT'S A **RATTLER BITE!**

YOU MUST ROLL IN THE SAGE! BETTER GET YOU TO THE NEAREST DOC... **PRONTO!**





BUT THE NEAREST DOCTOR IS 20 MILES AWAY... SO, LATER...

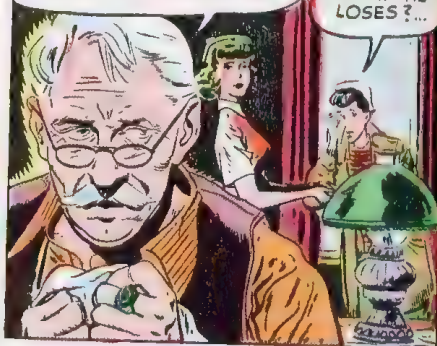
YUH GOT 'IM HERE TOO LATE FOR ME TO TRY SERUM ON HIM, BOY! OUR ONLY HOPE IS THE NEW SNAKE-BITE ANTIDOTE I JUST GAVE 'IM!

W-WILL HE L-LIVE, DOC?



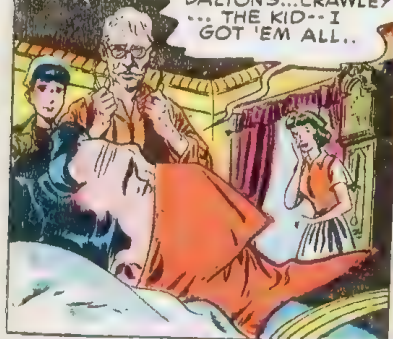
WE'LL SEE, BOY! THAT NEW ANTIDOTE DOES STRANGE THINGS! IT WORKS ON THE **SUBCONSCIOUS** MIND... UH... THE PATIENT **DREAMS** THAT HE'S HAVING A STRUGGLE. IF HE WINS, HE PULLS THROUGH...

AN' IF HE LOSES?...

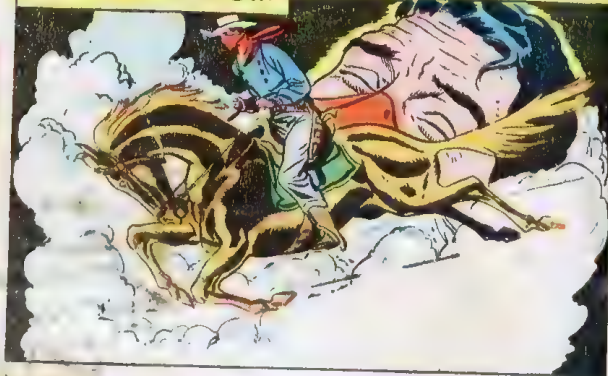


IF HE LOSES... HE DIES! BUT LET'S JUST HOPE THAT HE **WINS** THAT FIGHT IN HIS MIND... SHH... IT'S WORKIN' NOW...

JAMES BOYS... DALTONS... CRAWLEY... THE KID-- I GOT 'EM ALL...

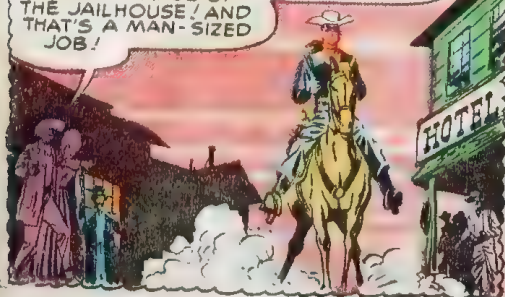


IN THE DIM MISTS OF HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, THE VIGILANTE DREAMS HE IS PARTICIPATING IN ANOTHER DUEL BETWEEN JUSTICE AND CRIME... THIS TIME OCCURRING IN THE WILD WEST OF LONG AGO...



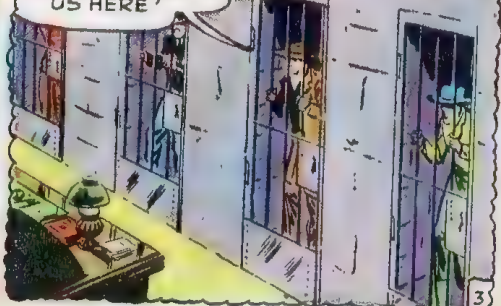
AND THEN THE HAZY DREAM SEEMS TO BECOME REALITY! THE VIGILANTE ACTUALLY BELIEVES HE IS RIDING THROUGH THE STREETS OF BORDER CITY... A TOWN LONG RULED BY OUTLAWS...

THERE'S THE NEW SHERIFF. A FELLER WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE VIGILANTE! SENT DOWN FROM KANSAS TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE JAILHOUSE! AND THAT'S A MAN-SIZED JOB!



"MAN-SIZED JOB" IS RIGHT-- FOR IN THE JAIL ARE SUCH TENANTS AS THE NOTORIOUS DALTON BROTHERS...

THE JAIL AIN'T STANDIN' THAT CAN HOLD US! AN' THE SHERIFF AIN'T ALIVE THAT CAN KEEP US HERE!



THEN, TOO, THERE ARE THE VILLAINOUS JAMES BROTHERS, FRANK AND JESSE, AND CRAZY-GUN CRAWLEY AND BILLY THE KID...

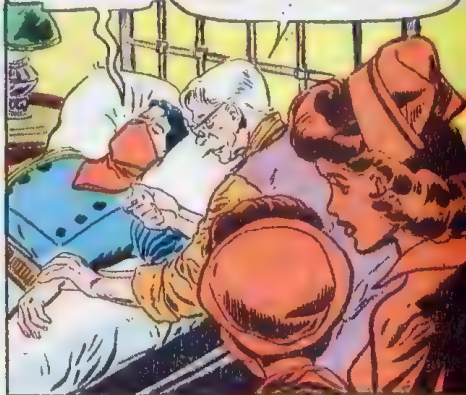
PASS THE WORD TO BILLY, FRANK! WE'RE GOIN' OUT T'NIGHT!

HE'LL HAVE TO GIVE THE ORDERS, JESSE! OUR CELLS AIN'T GOT WINDOWS!



ALL SAFE IN JAIL.... EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT...

HIS PULSE IS BETTER! WHATEVER HE'S DOIN'... HE'S DOIN' IT FINE! THE BATTLE MUST BE SWINGIN' HIS WAY!



BUT IN THE VIGILANTE'S DREAM CONFLICT, DANGER THREATENS, FOR MEMBERS OF THE JAMES GANG SUDDENLY APPEAR AT BILLY THE KID'S CELL WINDOW...

PSSST... EVERYTHING'S SET? REMEMBER, WE DON'T SHOOT THE SHERIFF! KILLING'S TOO GOOD FOR HIM!

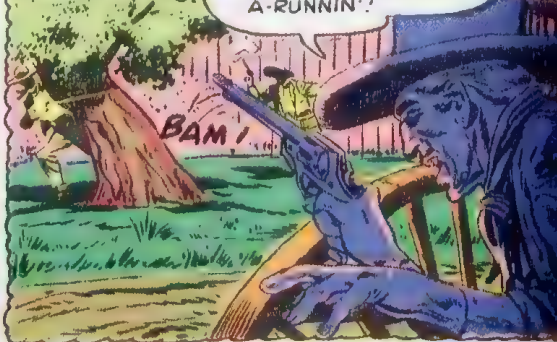
SURE, KID! FARO AN' PETE AN' ME WILL DO THE TRICK!



A MOMENT LATER, IN FRONT OF THE JAIL, THE THUNDER OF A FAKE GUNFIGHT SHATTERS THE NIGHT AIR...

BLAM! BANG!

HAW, HAW! THIS SHOOTIN' SHORE LOOKS REAL! IT'LL BRING THE SHERIFF A-RUNNIN'!



PSSST, LUKE! HERE HE COMES! GET 'IM!

A GUN-FIGHT...



THEN...

DON'T HURT THE BIG, BAD SHERIFF! HAW, HAW! JUST TAKE THE JAIL KEYS!

AFTER WE TURN THE BOYS LOOSE, THIS HOMBRE'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK O' THE WHOLE WEST!





THUS THE OUTLAWS ESCAPE... AND ON THE MORROW ANGRY TOWNFOLKS DEMAND THE SHERIFF'S RESIGNATION...

YUHRE THROUGH VIGILANTE! GET OUT OF TOWN!

AN' WE'RE GIVIN' THIS STAR TO A REAL MAN!
HO, HO!

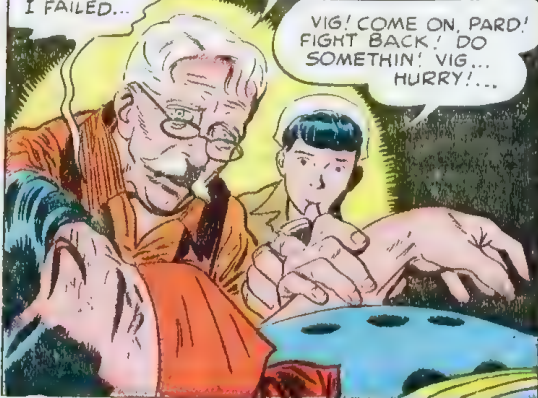


AND SO....

I FAILED....
I FAILED....

SOMETHIN' IN HIS DREAM WENT WRONG! HE'S GETTIN' WEAKER!

VIG! COME ON, PARD!
FIGHT BACK! DO SOMETHIN' VIG...
HURRY!...



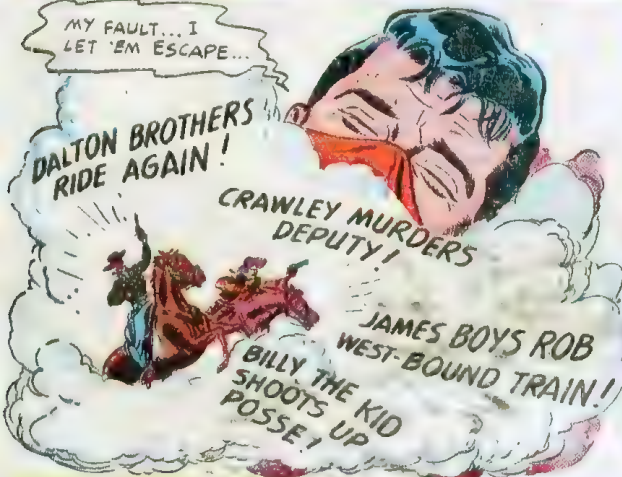
MY FAULT... I LET 'EM ESCAPE...

DALTON BROTHERS
RIDE AGAIN!

CRAWLEY MURDERS
DEPUTY!

JAMES BOYS ROB
WEST-BOUND TRAIN!

BILLY THE KID
SHOOTS UP
POSSE! UP



BY WORKING TOGETHER AS AN ORGANIZED BAND THE OUTLAWS LAUNCH A REIGN OF TERROR! IN JEFFERSON CITY...

THEY ROBBED THE MAIL COACH! AFTER 'EM!

ONLY FOUR OF 'EM! WE C'N TAKE 'EM!



BUT THE CHASE LEADS PAST A LOFTY PERCH... WHERE WAIT THE DALTON BOYS. AND....

RIDE, JESSE! WE GOTCHA COVERED! HAW!

FALL BACK, BOYS! MORE OF 'EM ARE HIDDEN OUT THERE!

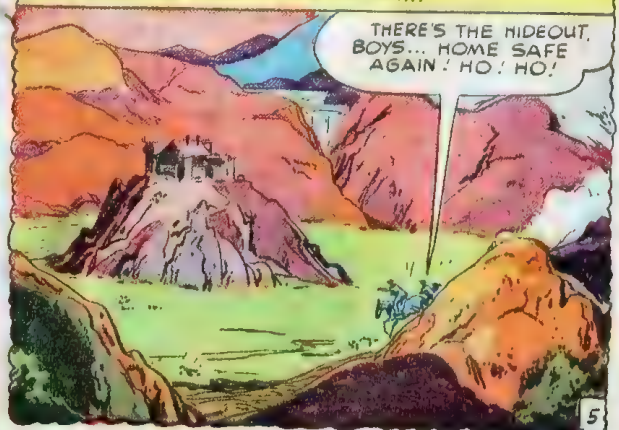
BAM!

CRACK!



FINALLY, THE BAND RIDES TO A SECLUDED CASTLE-LIKE BUILDING DEEP IN THE WILDS....

THERE'S THE HIDEOUT, BOYS... HOME SAFE AGAIN! HO! HO!



ATER... THIS OLD CASTLE BUILT
50 YEARS AGO BY A
GOLD PROSPECTOR--
SURE MAKES FOR
SAFE HIDIN'!

YEP--ANYBODY
TRYIN' TO
SCALE THESE
CLIFFS AFTER US
WOULD BE FILLED
WITH SO MUCH LEAD,
FOLKS WILL MISTAKE
HIM FOR A MINE! HA, HA!



AND ALL THE TIME TRAVELING BY HIMSELF,
THE VIGILANTE STALKS THE TRAIL ON
THE MOST IMPORTANT MANHUNT IN HIS LIFE!

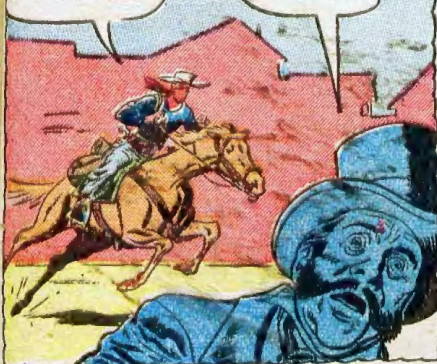
MOST O' THE ROBBERIES ARE RIGHT
HERE IN SIOUX COUNTY. I JUST
GOTTA KEEP MY EYES
OPEN... LIKE AN EAGLE
WATCHIN' A WEASEL.



THEN ONE DAY...

BLAZES! SOMEONE'S
DOIN' A HEAP
O' SHOOTIN'!

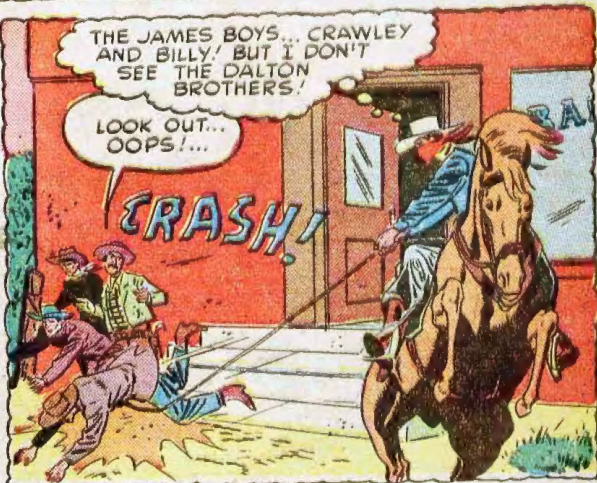
RUN F'R YER
LIFE-- IT'S THE
JAMES BOYS!
THEY GOT THE
BANK!



THE JAMES BOYS... CRAWLEY
AND BILLY! BUT I DON'T
SEE THE DALTON
BROTHERS!

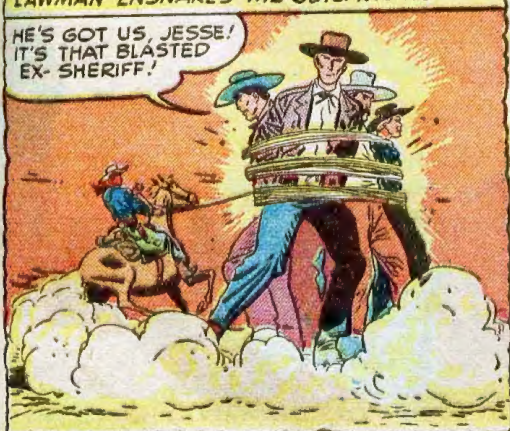
LOOK OUT...
OOPS!...

CRASH!

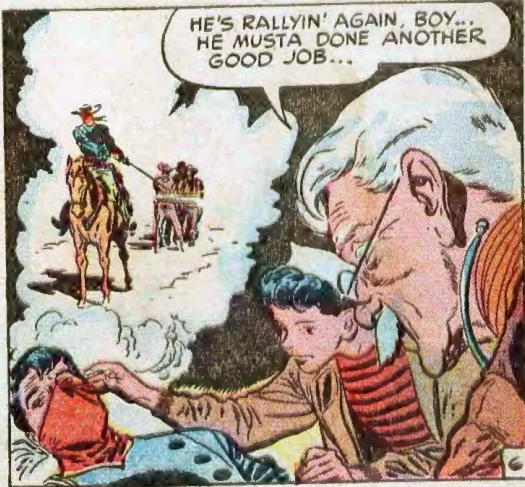


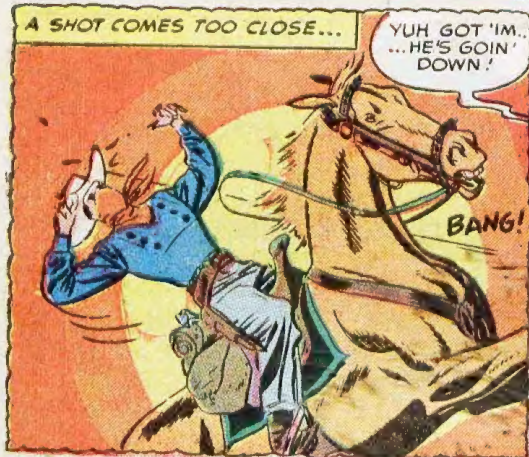
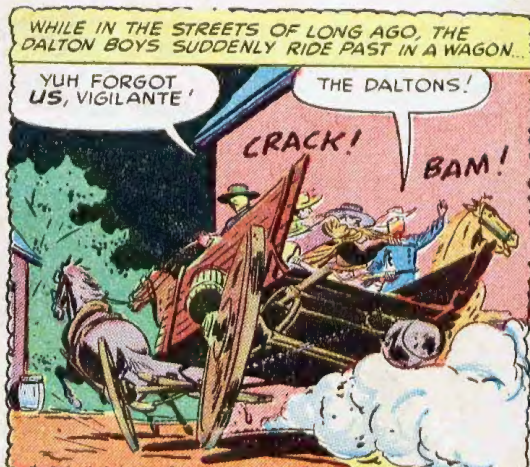
RIDING SWIFTLY IN A CIRCLE, THE BLUE-CLAD
LAWMAN ENSNARES THE OUTLAWS...

HE'S GOT US, JESSE!
IT'S THAT BLASTED
EX-SHERIFF!



HE'S RALLYIN' AGAIN, BOY...
HE MUSTA DONE ANOTHER
GOOD JOB...







THIS DAM WAS BUILT LONG AGO BY THE OL' PROSPECTOR TO SHUT THE WATER OFF FROM THE VALLEY...

HE'S AT THE FINAL CRISIS, BOY... THIS IS IT!

C'MON, VIG... HURRY! PLEASE!...

SHOOK THE POWDER FROM ALL BUT ONE O' MY BULLETS INTO THAT CAN... JUS' ONE SHOT LEFT... **ONLY ONE!**

BANG!

A MUFFLED EXPLOSION JARS A ROCKY SECTION OF THE DAM LOOSE, WATER BURSTS THROUGH... THEN THE TERRIFIC PRESSURE TEARS OUT BIGGER GAPS... AND BIGGER....

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK... I CAN'T SHOW MY FACE IN TOWN AGAIN...

KA-R-RAM!

THE WATER RISES HIGHER AND HIGHER...

I CN RIDE ANY BRONC ALIVE... BUT I CAN'T SWIM AN INCH!

WE'RE TRAPPED!

THEN, MUCH LATER...

THEY'RE HOLLERIN' OUT, SURRENDERIN'! GUESS YUH DONE A RIGHT BIG JOB, MISTER YUH JUS' BEAT THE WORST MEN THE WEST EVER SAW!

AND SUDDENLY...

THE CRISIS IS OVER... THE ANTIDOTE'S A SUCCESS!

YIPPEE! YOU WON OUT, VIG! YOU'RE WELL NOW!

WON OUT? I'VE BEEN ASLEEP, HAVEN'T I? WHAT HAPPENED?

THE END

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